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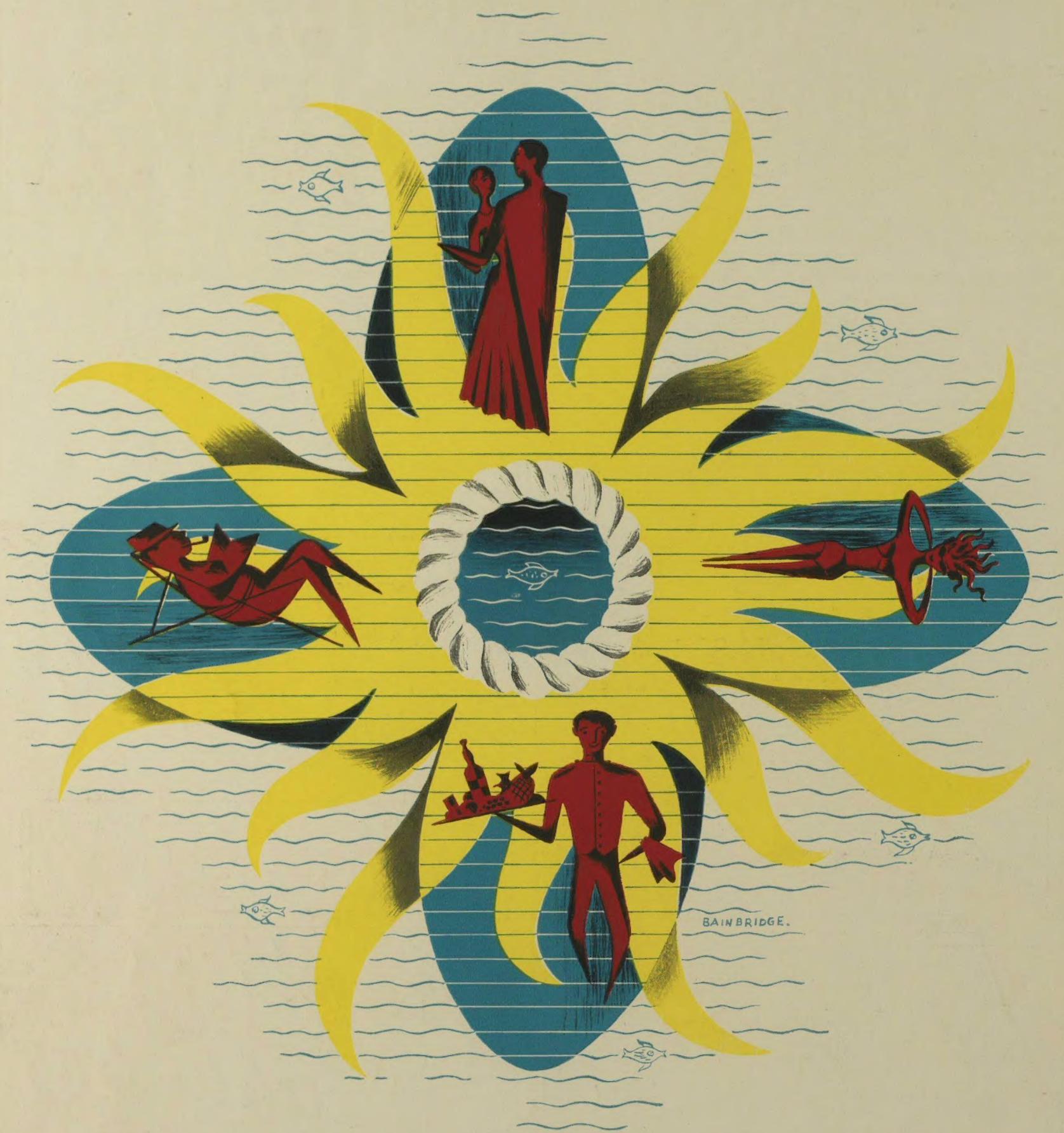
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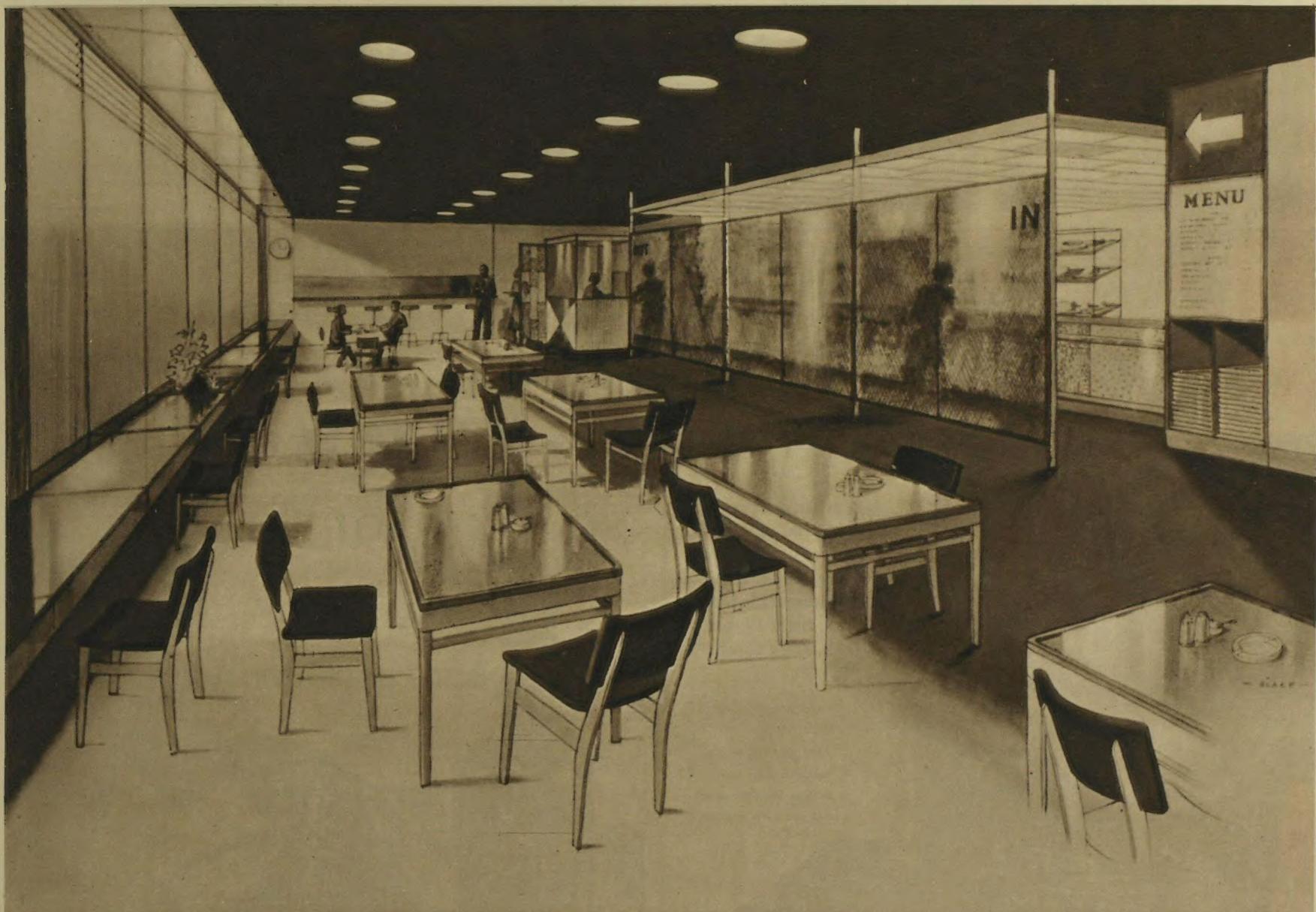
Solution: CHANCE BUILDING GLASSES

Architect John Wright, A.R.I.B.A., A.A. dip. hons., widely experienced in such problems, solved this one in the interesting way demonstrated below. The whole of the wall on the left (overlooking the rubbish dumps) he made of panels of Chance 1-in. Plain Rolled Glass in metal framing, to provide a long window without a view. The screen on the right, which separates the cafeteria from the restaurant space, is of Chance Wired Cast glass in an aluminium mounting. These form the two largest wall areas, lighting the length of the building.

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fluorescent tubes above the glass wall to the left, through overhead panes of Chance Festival. The cash desk (centre background) is a glass box, with one wall of Chance Narrow Reeded, and one of alternate triangles of Chance Signal Green and Pot Opal. Signal Green appears once more as a splash-back against the far wall, and the surface to the long side table is 1" rough cast glass sprayed to match. The centre table tops are surfaced with Chance Festival on citron coloured plywood. Glass ventilation louvres of White Pot Opal roof the cash desk and surmount the long window-wall. The glazed screen by the desk alternates panels of White and Ruby Muffled Glass.

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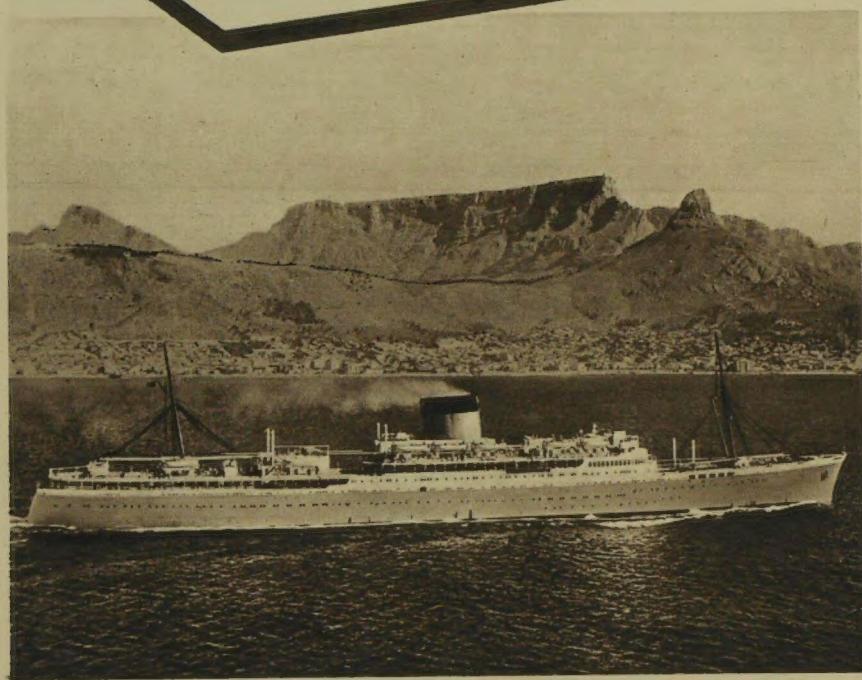


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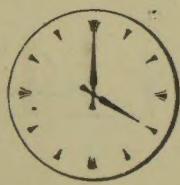
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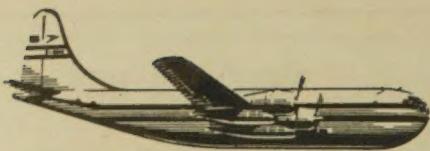
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1954.



A BRITISH POSSESSION SINCE 1713: THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, WHICH THE QUEEN IS DUE TO VISIT ON MAY 10,
AND WHICH THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT CLAIM AS BELONGING TO SPAIN.

Although there have been many claims during the past few years for the return of the Rock of Gibraltar to Spain—claims which, until recently, have in the main been confined to outbursts by Spanish students and members of Falangist youth movements—the projected visit of H.M. the Queen to the Rock on May 10 on her way home from her Commonwealth tour has now been the cause of official protests from the Government of General Franco. It is maintained that Gibraltar

belongs to Spain by right, and that Britain's presence there is "an offence" to the Spanish people. There can, however, be no doubt as to who owns Gibraltar at the present time. It was captured in 1704, during the War of the Spanish Succession, by a combined Dutch and English force, under Admiral Sir George Rooke, and was ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The last reigning monarch to visit Gibraltar was King George V. in 1912.



WHERE HOLIDAY-MAKERS CAN LIVE A LIFE OF LUXURY: THE ROCK HOTEL, GIBRALTAR, WITH ITS SUN BALCONIES AND UNSURPASSED VIEWS.



THE FAMOUS BARBARY APES, WHICH ARE CAREFULLY LOOKED AFTER BY THE GARRISON. WHEN THEY DISAPPEAR, IT IS SAID, THE ENGLISH SHOULD LEAVE GIBRALTAR.



OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR: TROOPS OF THE GARRISON PERFORMING THE CEREMONY OF CHANGING OF THE GUARD.

GIBRALTAR: BRITISH AND TRADITIONAL ASPECTS OF A BRITISH POSSESSION FOR NEARLY 250 YEARS.

The Rock of Gibraltar, which rises to a height of 1396 ft., is a mass of grey limestone with a few sandstone beds, thrown up by volcanic action in comparatively recent times, and is two-and-a-half miles long by three-quarters of a mile wide. The 23,000 people, excluding the garrison, which is continually maintained, who live on the Rock are not Spanish, but of middle-Mediterranean origin, and they nearly all wish to remain under British protection. In addition, some



WHERE BRITONS AND SPANIARDS MINGLE FREELY: THE BUSY LITTLE MAIN STREET OF GIBRALTAR, LINED WITH SHOPS AND CAFÉS.

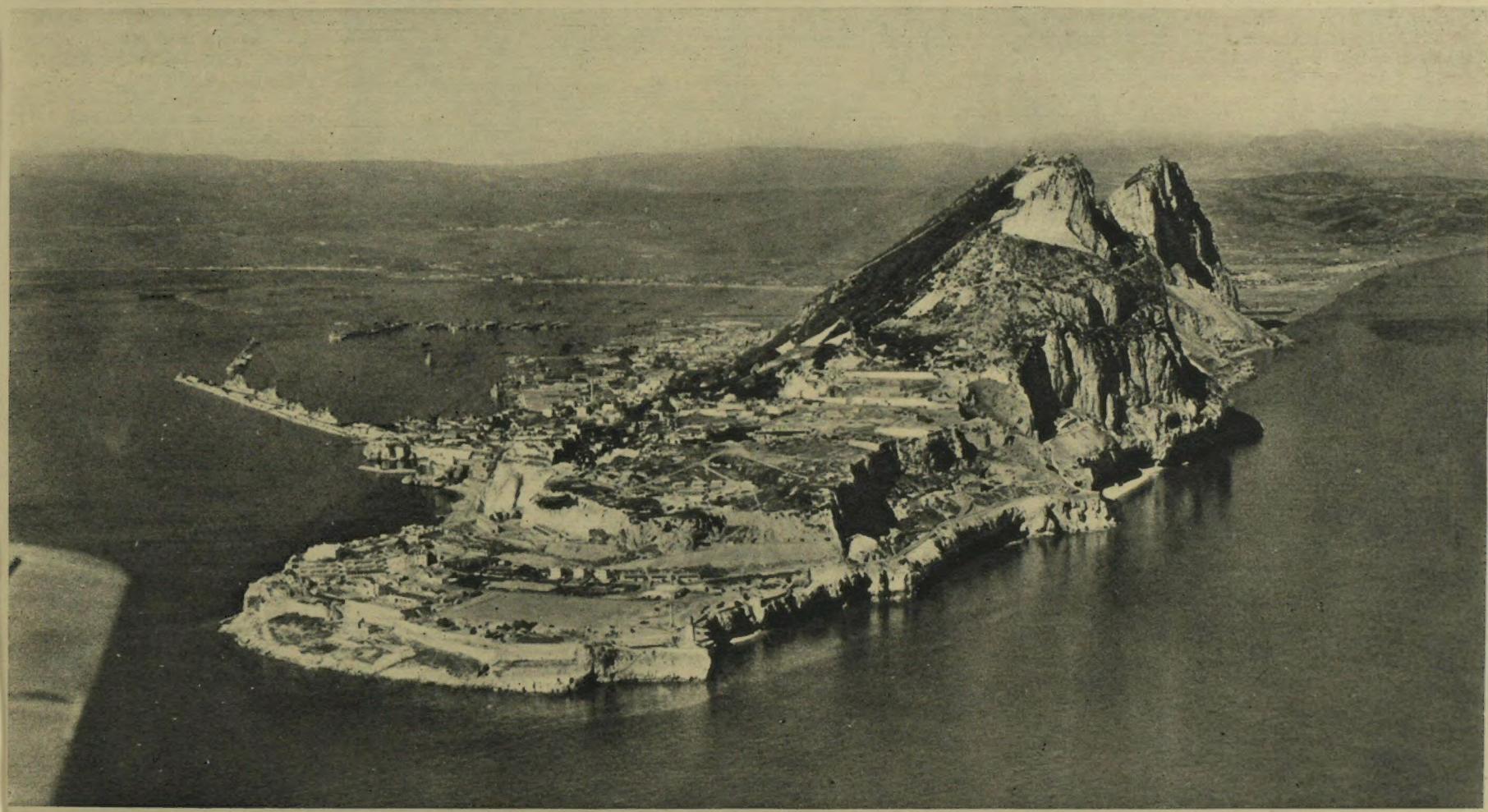


IN MAIN STREET, GIBRALTAR, ALSO CALLED CALLE REAL: THE POST OFFICE WITH BRITISH POSTMEN AND AN ENGLISH-TYPE LETTER-BOX.

8000 Spaniards come from the mainland daily to work in Gibraltar. English is, of course, spoken everywhere, and the many public buildings, such as the Post Office and Exchange, are run on English lines. There is a colony of Barbary apes on the Rock, the only wild apes in Europe. There is a legend which says that when the last of them disappears, the British should leave. They are, needless to say, carefully looked after by the Garrison authorities.



AN AIR AND NAVAL BASE OF VITAL STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE TO GREAT BRITAIN: THE BRITISH FORTRESS AND CROWN COLONY OF GIBRALTAR, SHOWING THE GREAT RUNWAY WHICH, SINCE THERE WAS INSUFFICIENT SPACE ON THE MAINLAND, WAS BUILT ON LAND RECLAIMED FROM THE SEA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF "THE ROCK," WITH SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HARBOUR ON THE LEFT, AND THE SPANISH TOWN OF LA LINEA BEYOND.

THE KEY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO BRITAIN: THE FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

On January 25 Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, told the House of Commons that the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Primo de Rivera, had called on Mr. Eden at the Foreign Office on January 12 and delivered what he called a "friendly warning" to the effect that the visit of H.M. the Queen to Gibraltar next May would cause resentment in Spain. Mr. Eden informed him that he was not prepared to discuss the Queen's visit to any one of her territories, and in no

circumstances could he accept representations on such a topic from any foreign Power. Following the recent manifestations of anti-British feeling in Spain by Spanish students, which we report on another page in this issue, the Admiralty announced on January 28 that ships of the Royal Navy would not call, as was the intention, at Spanish and Spanish Moroccan ports during the Home Fleet cruise next spring and the Spanish Government have been informed accordingly.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. And the hand that spans the child sometimes helps it! At least, so I am old-fashioned enough to believe. To assist him to become a man and not a mere animal, a child has need of love and discipline. The simultaneous administration of both is an exercise in judgment, patience and understanding that calls for the highest qualities in human nature: qualities in their kind as great as those required from the occupants of the Treasury Bench or Woolsack. They are needed both in parents and teachers. That they are not always wisely administered or even given at all is not, perhaps, very surprising when one remembers in how haphazard a way children are brought into a world that has so many other things to think about. Yet on their provision mankind depends more in the long run than on any other human service. Parents and teachers are its "key"-workers.

I have never been a parent, so it would be folly in me to provoke the just ire of fathers and mothers by enlarging in an ignorant and academic way on their functions! But I have at least been a schoolmaster, and even, in a humble way, that gorgon among schoolmasters, a headmaster. I know, therefore, a little about the problems that face professional teachers. And a good teacher, I would suggest, needs all the help from society that society can give him. "This much I say unto you, magistrates," declared Bishop Latimer in that famous sermon that led, *inter alia*, to the founding of Christ's Hospital—greatest, perhaps, of all England's schools—"if ye will not maintain schools and universities, ye shall have a brutality." And, despite the vast sums that we are spending on our schools and national educational system, I am afraid that it is a "brutality" that we shall have unless we speedily give the most careful consideration to this most important of all political and social problems. What happened a few months ago on Clapham Common was a portent of what is happening, and is going to happen, in other places. The work of our teachers needs to be aided in every way within our power. They, with fathers and mothers, are the guardians of society against a danger greater than that of any foreign Power. That danger is the evil latent in our own unguided wills and natures. The neglected or untrained child of to-day will be the monster of to-morrow. It will be too late then to change him or entreat him kindly. We shall reap the harvest we have sown or, rather, failed to sow, for he who neglects his field harvests tares. "The time may come," declared another wise preacher of old, "when you will stand in need of scholars and would be glad to have them for your money; and, if ye be not careful to cherish them and maintain them, where will ye have them? If ye set not young plants, where will ye have grown trees? These are not like Jonah's gourd to come up in a night."

I was very forcibly reminded of this the other day by two small and adjacent paragraphs in *The Times*. The first described how two boys, one aged eight and the other ten, admitted trying to "make a train crash" on the former "Metropolitan" and "Great Central" joint line in Buckinghamshire. They were charged at a juvenile court of endangering the lives of railway passengers. Apparently they had fixed two metal railway chairs to the up and down lines. An official of the Railway Executive who gave evidence, reported that a serious crash between two trains, with possibly heavy loss of life, had only been averted by the chance of a timely discovery by two railway-inspectors. The parents of the boys were each ordered to pay 14s. 6d. costs, and the Chairman of the Court admonished the lads with the remark: "You have both been very naughty, and a thorough spanking would have done you both good." It was not, apparently, administered. In the same column of *The Times* we learn that five boys at Bristol were stated to have thrown a 2-cwt. tree-trunk—I suspect an elm cut down by some benevolent public authority to safeguard children's limbs against any

possible risk of accident!—part of an iron bedstead and several large stones on to a railway track, with the result that an express train travelling at 60 m.p.h. had had to pull up suddenly to avert an appalling disaster. Four of the boys, aged sixteen, fifteen, fourteen and thirteen, were remanded in custody for a fortnight, and the fifth was discharged. There appears to be no mention of that allegedly reactionary and brutal remedy for youthful delinquency—corporal punishment—and presumably none will be administered. We have said, it seems, good-bye to all that!

Human nature is a great mystery, and for man himself seemingly an almost unfathomable one. But it would appear that the Creator of the world equipped his creatures with certain senses of a self-educational kind. One of them is the capacity for feeling themselves the physical pain that they possess the power of inflicting on others. I find it hard to understand why the use of this sense is forbidden by modern social ideology to those who have to educate youth. A child cannot be expected to imagine intellectually the misery and pain he has the power of inflicting on others. He has no

experience, no imaginative capacity to enable him to do so. But—and I am writing, with some feeling, from a recollection of my own youth—ten of the best, administered by a man he has learnt to respect, can have a wonderfully awakening sense on the mind and conscience of a boy. Not to administer such chastisement in cases like these seems to be a kind of most cruel neglect—cruel to the child and cruel to society. And to expect teachers to discipline youth without this saving power—only to be used with a just and tender restraint and forbearance, and with a deep sense of responsibility—is like sending a man into the ring with his arms tied behind his back. The greatest tragedy that can befall a conscientious teacher who loves his pupils and his work is to send a hooligan into the world. For the former knows that if he is allowed to do his work as it needs to be done, there need be no hooligans.

The prohibition of the rod is only one, of course, of the many handicaps that a teacher to-day has to suffer. Inflated classes, lowered standards of morality and intellectual attainment, the influence of vile, brutalised and pornographic literature and journalism and the influences, too, of the cinema and even, sometimes, of radio and television, and, above all, the overwhelming handicap of many bad and broken homes, render his work so much harder than, in a more provident society, it need be. And the mean and penny-wise, pound-foolish attitude of authority and of the public towards the teacher's remuneration tends to starve his profession of the leaven of

exceptional ability that any profession—and most of all such a highly skilled one—needs to maintain its standards. Yet these are symptoms of a social malady rather than the malady itself. The core of our present education *malaise* lies, I believe, in a failure by society to realise what education is and an assumption by politicians and administrators alike that its objects are purely intellectual. The mind is only one of the means by which man pursues his ends. It is a servant of man's will, just as his arm is a servant of his will. To exercise the arm may be an admirable part of education, but it can never be an end; for the strength of arm it creates may only end in the arm's possessor using his trained strength to slay or destroy. The same is true of the training of the mind. What is wanted, above all, is a training of the will, and of the will's guide and mentor, conscience. The Duke of Wellington was right *au fond* when he said that education without religion must merely end in manufacturing so many clever devils. Man can end up in Belsen—a Belsen of his own making. What we want to ensure in our educational system is a training that results in what a poet called the noblest work of God—an honest man. It is a work that God appears to have entrusted to man himself. The question—postulated in a sinister form by the Clapham Common murder—is, are we trying to do it?

THE PRIME MINISTER'S BANNER FOR THE GARTER CHAPEL.



TO HANG OVER SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S STALL IN THE GARTER CHAPEL OF ST. GEORGE, WINDSOR CASTLE: THE BANNER BEARING THE SPENCER-CHURCHILL ARMS—THE REVERSE SIDE, ON WHICH THE QUARTERINGS DO NOT APPEAR IN THE CORRECT ORDER.

Sir Winston Churchill was on April 24, 1953, created a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter by her Majesty the Queen. The banner bearing his arms has now been completed by the firm of John Edgington and delivered to him, and will hang over his stall in the Garter Chapel of St. George, Windsor Castle, after his installation. The banners of Knights of the Garter are, of course, two-sided, and are hung in such a way that the obverse, on which the quarterings appear in the correct order, is seen from the Sovereign's stall; the reverse, which we illustrate, on which the quarterings are heraldically incorrect, is visible from the other end of the Chapel. The Spencer-Churchill arms are Quarterly: 1st and 4th sable, a lion rampant argent; on a canton of the second a cross gules, Churchill; 2nd and 3rd quarterly argent and gules; on a bend sable, between two frettés or, three escallops of the first, Spencer; over all, in the centre chief point, on an escutcheon argent, the cross of St. George surmounted by another escutcheon azure, charged with three fleurs-de-lis, two and one or. Sir Winston Churchill is the first commoner to receive this most ancient and highest of the British Orders of Chivalry since Sir Austen Chamberlain became a Knight of the Garter in 1925. A banner, similar to that for the Garter Chapel, is being presented to him by the makers.

profession—and most of all such a highly skilled one—needs to maintain its standards. Yet these are symptoms of a social malady rather than the malady itself. The core of our present education *malaise* lies, I believe, in a failure by society to realise what education is and an assumption by politicians and administrators alike that its objects are purely intellectual. The mind is only one of the means by which man pursues his ends. It is a servant of man's will, just as his arm is a servant of his will. To exercise the arm may be an admirable part of education, but it can never be an end; for the strength of arm it creates may only end in the arm's possessor using his trained strength to slay or destroy. The same is true of the training of the mind. What is wanted, above all, is a training of the will, and of the will's guide and mentor, conscience. The Duke of Wellington was right *au fond* when he said that education without religion must merely end in manufacturing so many clever devils. Man can end up in Belsen—a Belsen of his own making. What we want to ensure in our educational system is a training that results in what a poet called the noblest work of God—an honest man. It is a work that God appears to have entrusted to man himself. The question—postulated in a sinister form by the Clapham Common murder—is, are we trying to do it?

ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS IN SPAIN: MOBS IN THE STREETS OF MADRID.



USING HORSES IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISPERSE RIOTERS IN MADRID: SPANISH MOUNTED POLICE DURING A "BATTLE" CLOSE BY THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



MAINTAINING A TIGHT CORDON AROUND DEMONSTRATORS NEXT DOOR TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY, MADRID: SPANISH POLICE WHO REPULSED A STRONG ATTACK FROM STUDENTS.

ON January 25 thousands of students, ordered by their union to demonstrate against the British, marched to the British Embassy, Madrid, carrying Spanish national and party flags, singing Falangist songs, and shouting "Gibraltar for Spain!" The Spanish police, who had been called out in force, and who were guarding the Embassy, attempted to disperse the rioters by firing shots into the air and by using rubber truncheons. Some thirty demonstrators and eighteen police were reported to have been injured. The demonstration was one of a series staged in many towns of Spain in protest at the forthcoming visit of H.M. the Queen to Gibraltar in May, at the end of her Commonwealth tour. On January 22 and 27 Sir John Balfour, H.M. Ambassador to Spain, protested to the Spanish Government against damage to British property and called the attention of the Spanish authorities to their failure to take proper measures to protect such property. An official statement issued by the Spanish Government on January 28 called upon university students to avoid "such occasions as might give rise to disturbances of public order which, by giving the enemies of Spain an opportunity to act, produce dissensions among those who are animated by the single desire to serve the permanent national interest."



PART OF THE 10,000-STRONG PROCESSION OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS WHO MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS OF MADRID ON JANUARY 25 BEARING ANTI-BRITISH BANNERS AND SHOUTING "GIBRALTAR FOR SPAIN!" THEY WERE ATTEMPTING TO STORM THE BRITISH EMBASSY.



SPANISH RIOTERS IN LASTELLANA AVENUE, MADRID. POLICE FIRED SHOTS IN THE AIR AND CHARGED WITH RUBBER TRUNCHEONS IN AN ATTEMPT TO DISPERSE THEM.



OUTSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY, MADRID: ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATORS SINGING A FALANGIST SONG, WITH A DOUBLE ROW OF SPANISH POLICE STANDING BY.

TRAPPING LYRE BIRDS FOR RESETTLEMENT IN TASMANIA.

By DAVID FLEAY, B.Sc., C.M.Z.S.
(Illustrated with photographs by the Author.)

In view of her Majesty the Queen's recent arrival at Sydney for her visit to Australia (February 3–April 1), this article on Australia's best-loved bird by an authoritative Australian ornithologist, well known to our readers, has an especial interest.

AUSTRALIA'S elusive and elegant Lyre Bird, a magnificent songster in its own right, and a prince of mocking-birds, is to Australians a treasure and a proud possession, bracketed with the platypus and the koala as one of the outstanding three in a distinctive fauna. Quite apart from the natural safeguard of present-day public esteem, however, no member of the "down-under" continent's wild life is more rigidly protected by law. With all this in mind, I have felt a somewhat weighty load of responsibility, when, at various times during the past twelve years, at the request of the Victorian Fisheries and Game Department, Mr. Roy Alderson and I have undertaken the delicate and onerous task of securing Lyre Birds and bringing selected individuals unharmed from their mountain fastnesses for quick transit by air to new areas. Such moves have followed Governmental approval of applications from such a State as Tasmania, where conditions are ideal but the species does not occur naturally. Young birds of my selection and capture have also gone in recent years to the enlightened and progressive Zoological Park in Adelaide, South Australia, where, in an ideally sheltered aviary they have flourished exceedingly well.

[Continued opposite.]



THE HEAD OF AN AUSTRALIAN LYRE BIRD, SHOWING THE LARGE EYE, ADAPTED FOR LIFE IN THE DIM LIGHT OF THE TREE-FERN GULLIES NEAR HEALESVILLE, VICTORIA.

Continued.

However, let us put the clock back some years to the Australian summer of December, 1949, and come with me on a quest twenty-five miles from Badger's Creek, Healesville, Victoria, to secure an additional pair of adult Lyre Birds for liberation in the Tasmanian National Park, and also a year-old immature male for the Sir Colin Mackenzie Sanctuary. The nesting season is over, so there can be no interference with brooding birds. Stacked with gear, the old car eventually leaves good roads and ascends an ancient, rutted timber track winding ever upward as it skirts granitic mountain shoulders and crosses corduroyed shady creeks resonant with the metallic "tink-tink" of many bell-birds, and we come to rest on the site of a hut long since demolished by fire, but marked by a growth of exotic garden flowers remarkable in an Australian bracken setting. They are foxgloves! We outspan beside the clear-water creek and already from the slopes above comes a faint, familiar and ringing "Quolp-quolp!" or it might strike your fancy as "Blick-blick!" Up there a cock Lyre Bird has paused in his industrious raking of the forest floor, and the bush resounds with his repeated challenging notes—that double call that carries so much farther than any other of his notes and is both prelude and interlude to the famous winter concerts (June-July). However, now in summer the birds are comparatively quiet, for in December cock-birds' tails have scarcely reached full length after the October shedding. All is very quiet among the aisles of tall, smooth trunks until, very suddenly, again and from a hidden gully ahead comes the "Blick-blick!" of that same cock-bird. Louder and clearer now, the performer adds a short session of "recorded music"—the laughter of kookaburras, "Guinea-a-week!" of the pilot bird, sharp crack of a whip-bird, shriek of swift-flying crimson parrots, the cry of the wedge-tailed eagle,

[Continued below, centre.]



SETTING THE HAZEL SNARES IN WHICH THE LYRE BIRDS WERE CAUGHT. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE DENSE TREE-FERN BRAKE WHICH IS THEIR USUAL HABITAT.



A PAIR OF LYRE BIRDS SCRATCHING FOR THE GRUBS ON WHICH THEY CHIEFLY FEED. THE PLUMAGE IS MAINLY CHOCOLATE-BROWN, WITH GREY ON THE BREAST.



A MAGNIFICENTLY-PLUMAGED LYRE BIRD COCK. THOUGH DIFFICULT TO CATCH, HE MADE THE JOURNEY BY AIRCRAFT FROM VICTORIA TO TASMANIA WITHOUT BREAKING A SINGLE TAIL-FEATHER.

Continued.

the plaintive wail of black cockatoos, and the favourite rich melody of the grey thrush. This will be a good place for snares, for the whole forest floor is newly raked over and at the gully bottom there are narrow passes between logs and a varied assortment of strategic positions. Up the gully sides we plough to reach thickets of thin, straight and tall-growing native hazel (*Pomaderris apetala*). Careful selection and cutting here produces satisfactory bendy rods that retain their whippiness to form the essential item in the building of springer snares. The whole aim of the trap is the setting of the snare to such a nicety that there is sufficient tension for rapid action but no danger of suspension above the ground, nor the risk of possible entanglement in other growth, where subsequent struggling against an unyielding object would readily cause permanent injury to a leg. A morning round of the snares reveals a totally untouched state of affairs. The birds are suspicious and have not even disturbed the débris near the snares. On the third morning things began to happen. As soon as we rounded a gigantic log to come in sight of number three snare a frantic, guttural squalling and screeching assailed our ears, and a chocolate-brown bird flapped and jumped in the snare. It was a fat and obviously just-caught hen Lyre Bird. It is vital to be on call when these birds are captured, for their loud screeching and penetrating alarm notes are liable to bring up foxes, with obviously disastrous results. Resetting and putting the snare-line in order preceded a return to camp, where the plain-tailed Lyre Bird was fastened in a roomy, grass-padded tea-chest. We then drove her home and released her temporarily in the semi-darkness of a garage, with a generous helping of luscious termites. Next morning an aeroplane carried her for immediate liberation that day in the National Park, forty



A HEN LYRE BIRD WHICH WAS CAPTURED DURING MR. FLEAY'S EXPEDITION BUT RELEASED, AS A DEPENDENT FLEDGLING OF HERS COULD BE HEARD CHEEPING IN THE NEAR-BY BUSH.

[Continued opposite.]

AUSTRALIA'S BEST-LOVED BIRD: LYRE BIRDS AT LARGE, AND CAPTURED.



THE STRONG LEGS AND DIGGING CLAWS OF THE AUSTRALIAN LYRE BIRD: THE CLAWS ARE USED LIKE THOSE OF A BIRD OF PREY AND ALSO TO MOVE STONES AND WOOD. THEIR GRASP OF THEIR CAPTOR WAS STRONG AND PAINFUL.

Continued.

miles north-west of Hobart, Tasmania, and 400 miles from the scene of her capture. One day a little later, crossing a "saddle" into the head of an opposite gully and guided there by a voluminous outpouring of "Blick-blucks!" and bursts of song, I watched unobserved, for five minutes, as a beautiful, full-tailed cock-bird sang from a perch on a fallen tree, while about him, preening themselves on adjacent limbs and obviously listening with appreciation, were no fewer than five plain-tailed birds—how many of which were hens and how many immature males being, of course, impossible to tell without standing right among them. It was diverting to hear this Lyre-tail's rendering of the European blackbird's call—a bird which has penetrated these fastnesses only of recent years. One morning, a whole week following the initial work in the gully and after having returned to camp following a grand circle of all establishments, I heard "Quisst!" danger-calls, faint and far away, but in his direction. Seconds later a tremendous squalling and scolding, obviously on a terrific scale, led to a breathless climb and scramble back into the gully. Sure enough, his very regal highness was tethered fast on a quivering,



PACKING THE LYRE BIRD COCK FOR DESPATCH BY AIR TO TASMANIA: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE TWO LYRATE, THE TWO "FEELER" AND THE TWELVE FILMY FEATHERS. THE TAIL WAS ABOUT 26 INCHES LONG.

dancing snare-pole. What a glorious, lustrous-eyed bird he was, and my arrival was in time to prevent damage to one single feather of the sixteen in his 26-in. magnificent tail. His tail was a symmetrical, shimmering delight—twelve filmy plumes, two curved and saw-edged tape, or feeler, feathers and, of course, the pair of huge outsize "windowed" rufous and black lyrate feathers. Once again, early the following morning, an Australian National Airways D.C.3 winged across the sea to the southern Island State, and in the early afternoon this fine bird scampered into dense scrub practically identical with his own. Like all of Tasmania, his destination, the National Park, is quite free of foxes, and its total introduced Lyre Birds rose that day to a dozen pairs. In the meantime we were hard at work again in the heart of the Victorian ranges to bring the quest to a conclusion; and on the fourteenth sun-up of this particular undertaking an ideally suited and vigorous young male was found tethered, and he had been in the snare long enough to twist and break several tail-feathers. Big and leggy as he was, and so much louder than a hen-bird in his raucous, ear-splitting screams of protest, one felt pretty sure of his sex even before examining the under-side of the plain tail! With the quest concluded and the immature cock-bird carefully stowed in the closed ply-box, I pulled all my snares and turned my back regretfully on this dense forest region.



THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE TAIL FEATHERS OF THE HEN LYRE BIRD, IN WHICH THE LYRATE FEATHERS (EXTREME LEFT AND RIGHT) ARE ONLY SLIGHTLY DEVELOPED.



THE UNDER-SIDE OF THE TAIL FEATHERS OF AN IMMATURE MALE LYRE BIRD: THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE FILMY PLUMES, BUT THE LYRATES ARE ALREADY DEVELOPING.



ONE MAGICAL YEAR IN A POET'S LIFE.

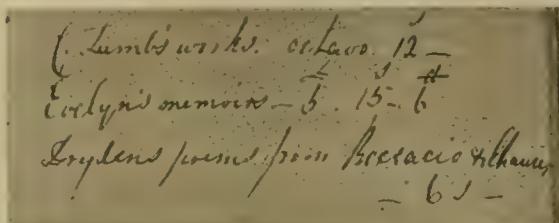
"JOHN KEATS: THE LIVING YEAR"; By ROBERT GITTINGS.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

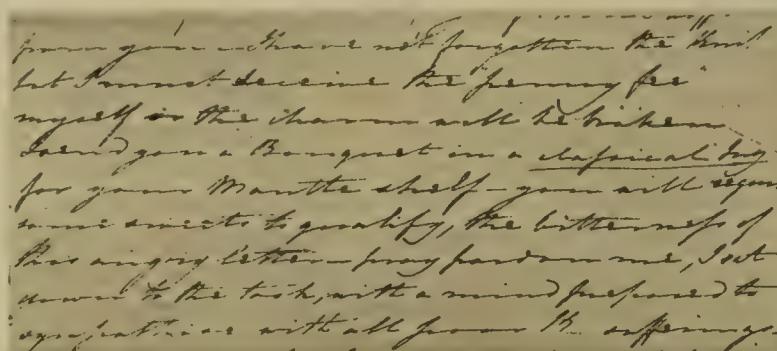
JOHN KEATS, when he died, was twenty-five years old. How many years, in all, have been spent by various people in writing books about him is beyond all computation. Besides the various big biographies, assembling every procurable fact and quoting every available letter, following his bodily movements and depicting the various circles of friends in which he found himself, there have been all sorts of specialised writings. "Keats and Egypt" has been written about (not that he ever was there); "Keats as Doctor and Patient"; "Keats's Craftsmanship"; "Keats and Shakespeare"; "Keats and Hazlitt"; while incidental volumes have dealt with Keats's publisher, Keats's sister, and the letters to that sister from Fanny Brawne. The reader confronted with one more biography might well exclaim: "What! One more!", and leave it at that. Anyone taking that view about Mr. Gittings's new book would be sadly mistaken. Perhaps the modest size of it ought to have warned one; people with nothing to say on such a theme don't usually write such small books. Anyhow, thus late in the day, Mr. Gittings has not merely made a new approach to the poet's major works, but he has drawn attention to facts hitherto overlooked, and even unearthed one "new" human relationship which, to those who take more interest in the private lives, and especially the loves, or conjectural loves, of poets than in their writings, will be more exciting still.

The title of Mr. Gittings's book indicates its range, and the main sphere of his scrutiny. He has fastened—so far as I can remember, more firmly than anyone has before—upon the demonstrable fact that almost all Keats's best works were written "in the 365 days of a single year," running from September 1818 to September 1819. These include the two *Hyperions*, the "Bright Star" sonnet, "Fancy," "Bards of Passion," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "The Eve of St. Mark," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," the "Ode to Psyche," the "Ode to a Nightingale," the "Ode to a Grecian Urn," the "Ode on Melancholy," "Lamia," the "Ode to Autumn," and that fragment of a play, "King Stephen," which I have long thought showed such dramatic promise as to confirm (in a sense of which Tennyson was probably not thinking) Tennyson's remark that if Keats had lived "he would have been the greatest of us since Shakespeare." What—and there were lesser things, too—a terrific production for a single year. Poets, reputed "great" have lived to twice, and even three times, Keats's age without producing such a volume of sublimely felt, conceived and executed verse. Some poets, afterwards to achieve greatness, would, had they been cut off at twenty-five, have left little behind them but immature writings with a conjectural promise in them. There are feebleesses in Keats's early poems. His contemporaries, anxious to score off anybody associated with the supposedly subversive "Cockney" Leigh Hunt, were only too delighted to point out adolescent vulgarities like "Those lips, O slippery blisses"; and

difficult to suppress anything whatever, if you are a good poet and the professors, lecturers and editors are on your trail) his lapses. He came to full maturity in this one magical year, and the reasons for that great and (as it would have been even to a man of Herculean health and physique) exhausting year, are now subjects of discussion. Was it merely that what



"THE ONLY DIRECT EVIDENCE THAT REMAINS OF HER AT THIS TIME, HER HANDWRITING": FANNY BRAWNE'S HANDWRITING IN LATE 1820. FROM KEATS'S COPY OF "THE LITERARY POCKET BOOK" FOR 1819. Illustrations reproduced from the book "John Keats: The Living Year," by Courtesy of the publisher, Heinemann.



"THEN THERE IS HIS ASSOCIATION WITH ISABELLA JONES. HE [KEATS] KEPT HIS SECRET WELL ENOUGH; BUT THERE EMERGES THE PICTURE OF AN ATTACHMENT BOTH PASSIONATE AND INTELLECTUAL WHICH LASTED THROUGH THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THIS YEAR, WAS CONNECTED WITH SEVERAL OF HIS GREATEST POEMS, AND HAUNTED HIM WITH RECURRING AND SYMBOLIC IMAGES": ISABELLA JONES'S HANDWRITING. FROM A LETTER TO JOHN TAYLOR, DATED APRIL 14TH, 1821.

used to be called "galloping consumption" was producing its usual exciting effects? Was it that he knew he was, in this world, early doomed? Was it the difficult engagement to Fanny Brawne, who was the sensible Eve to his imaginative Adam: and who, had he not been a consumptive, might gladly have played the right woman's part of the man behind the gun, as did the wives of Tennyson and Gladstone, whose lives overlapped Keats's? How can we know? The point is that the great year of creation took place.

Mr. Gittings opens two new vistas. The late Professor J. Livingstone Jones, of Harvard, who was a friend of mine, wrote a book called "The Road to Xanadu," in which, with the utmost reverence to Coleridge's genius, and writing beautifully, he traced the superficial ingredients of Coleridge's verse (such as the Albatross) to a variety of ancient books of travel. Mr. Gittings, with an annotated volume of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" before him, and Spenser and others, has run to earth facts, notions and even phrases which Keats "used" in that great young year. For myself, I find the information fascinating. Some might, in a dull way, say: "So that's where he got it from!" But I must admit that when next I read "Lamia" or the "Odes" I shan't want to be interrupted at every line by Mr. Gittings's information. I shall surrender to the music and the imagery of Keats: which could have been produced neither by his "sources" nor by his critics and biographers.

As for the "new" fact about his private life, it (or "she," rather) appears to be somebody called Mrs. Isabella Jones. As this discovery dawned on me, during my reading of this book, I exclaimed to myself: "Oh, dear; more of this posthumous eavesdropping!" But as I proceeded I changed my view. Mrs. Isabella Jones, even had she had nothing to do with Keats at all, would be a person worth following up. Keats wrote a letter to his brother George in October 1818: "Since I wrote thus

far I have met with that same Lady again, whom I saw at Hastings and whom I met when we were going to the English Opera. It was in a Street which goes from Bedford Row to Lamb's Conduit Street—I passed her and turned back—she seemed glad of it; glad to see me and not offended at my passing her before. We walked towards Islington where we called on a friend of her's who keeps a Boarding School. She has always

been an enigma to me—she has been in a Room with you and with Reynolds and wishes we should be acquainted without any of our common acquaintance knowing it. As we went along, sometimes through shabby, sometimes through decent Street(s), I had my guessing at work, not

knowing what it would be and prepared to meet any surprise—First it ended at this House at Islington: at parting from this I pressed to attend her home. She consented, and then again my thoughts were at work what it might lead to, tho' now

they had received a sort of genteel hint from the Boarding School. Our walk ended in 34 Gloucester Street, Queen Square—not exactly so for we went upstairs into her sitting room—a very tasty sort of place with Books, Pictures, a bronze statue of Buonaparte, Music, aeolian Harp; a Parrot, a Linnet—a Case of choice Lique(u)rs &c., &c., &c. She behaved in the kindest manner—made me take home a Grouse for Tom's dinner—Asked for my address for the purpose of sending more game—As I had warmed with her before and kissed her—I thought(t) it would be living backwards not to do so again—she had a better taste: she perceived how much a thing of course it was and shrunk from it—not in a prudish way but in as I say a good taste." Who was she? Mr. Gittings suggests that she was a minor Whig Hostess: extremely minor in that day, I should think. She inspired several poems of Keats's, as is here pretty well proved; she loved him (as is here indicated) as an experienced woman in early middle-age may care for a poor, innocent, charming, inexperienced poet, who has not yet known the fury of the blast, either of the world or of women; and we still know nothing about her. The Dark Lady of the Sonnets is still a subject of conjecture. I think myself that she might well have been Ann Hathaway. But obviously the next scent which the Keats' hounds follow must be that of Isabella Jones. Who was Mrs. Jones? I don't mind admitting, since her remarks here (especially her unjustifiably cattish ones about Joseph Severn, who nursed



MR. ROBERT GITTINGS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Robert Gittings, who was born in 1911, was educated at St. Edward's School, Oxford; and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English poem of the year. A former Fellow of Jesus College, he is now working in the School Broadcasting Department of the B.B.C. His books include: "Wentworth Place and Other Poems."



THE PLACE WHERE KEATS SPENT HIS LAST NIGHT IN ENGLAND: THE OLD MILL HOUSE, BEDHAMPTON, WHERE KEATS STAYED WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN SNOOK.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Dr. J. R. MacGillivray.

It has been quite easy for later, superior young men to point out that Keats committed solecisms of which they themselves could not possibly have been guilty. Keats did not live either to correct or to suppress (though, once a thing has appeared in print, it is

"John Keats: The Living Year. 21 September, 1818, to 21 September, 1819." By Robert Gittings. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 16s.)



ORIGINALLY DESCRIBED BY KEATS IN "THE EVE OF ST. AGNES" AS "PALE LATTiced HIGH, AND SILENT AS A TOMB": THE PULPITUM, THE VICARS' HALL, CHICHESTER.

From a photograph of a water-colour sketch by Sir Gilbert Scott, painted some time before 1870, showing the high latticed window exactly as it appears in Keat's line.

Keats in his last days) exhibit character, that I should rather like to know myself. I suggest that Mr. Gittings (and I am not joking) should follow his book up with one called "Mrs. Jones." The title alone would attract attention.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 206 of this issue.

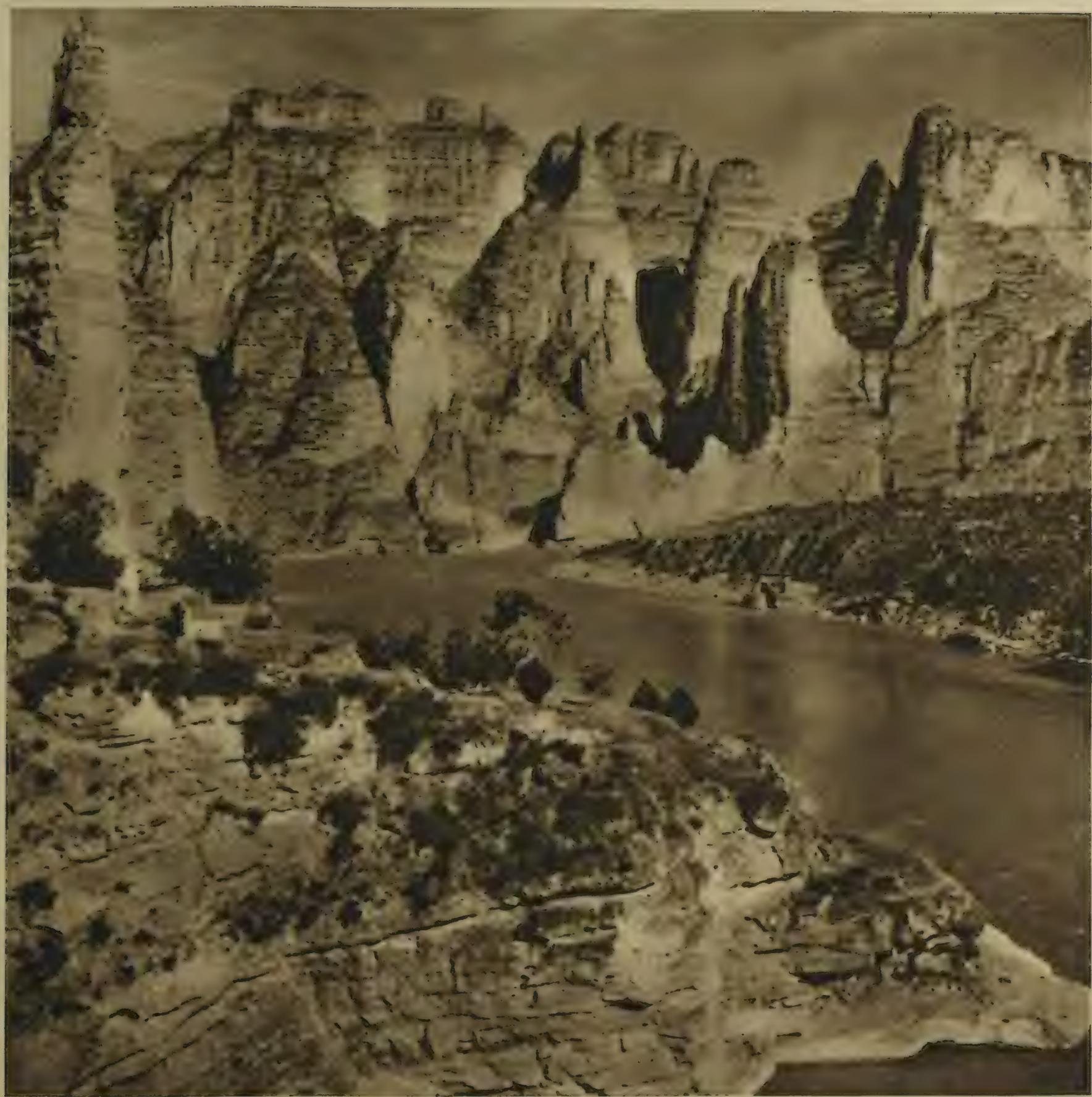


FIG. 1. THE FANTASTIC LANDSCAPE AMONG WHICH LIE THE P'ING-LING SSÜ CAVE SHRINES, NOW FIRST RECORDED. THE YELLOW RIVER WINDING THROUGH SOUTH KANSU.

IMPORTANT archaeological works are reported to have been carried out in China during the last few years, not least of which is the conservation and restoration of the famous Buddhist caves at Tun-huang, situated in the far north-west of Kansu province (Fig. 2), on the overland route to India, and dating mainly from the fifth to eleventh centuries A.D. The article on the following page, by Mr. William Y. Willetts, is not concerned with the Tun-huang project; but one may note in passing that as a result a new series of mural paintings, some of which are charming and altogether unsuspected genre scenes of the Sung period (A.D. 960-1279), has been brought to light. Chinese interest in Tun-huang, following public

exhibition in Peking of relics from the site, was witnessed by the issue of a commemorative set of postage stamps, and by the use of Tun-huang motives as decorative designs on specimens of the renascent applied arts—carved lacquer, cloisonné, porcelain, ivory, textiles and so forth. One of them, the *apsara* motive, of which many variants are found at Tun-huang, has become a sort of emblem

of national reconstruction in modern China. Quite as interesting to students of Buddhist art is the re-discovery of two other groups of cave shrines, also in Kansu. Both have suffered obscurity and neglect for centuries, and although the condition of their murals and sculptures is still remarkably fine, it is probably true to say that neither has so far attracted the attention of Western art historians, and that the images illustrated in Figs. 3-6 are a *fait acquis* to the repertory of early Far Eastern art. The cave site in the Mei-chi Hills, south-west of T'ien-shui, in southern Kansu, numbers 158 separate caves and niches dating mainly from the Northern Wei (A.D. 386-534), Sui (A.D. 580-618) and T'ang (A.D. 618-906) dynasties. Its sculptures have been described as among the most perfect artistic remains of the period; and, judging from photographs of Northern Wei pieces at Mei-chi Shan, they are indeed up to the top standard of the work then being done in metropolitan China represented by the famous cave-shrines at Yün-kang and Lung-mén. We hope to deal with these and with the murals from Mei-chi Shan, in a subsequent article.

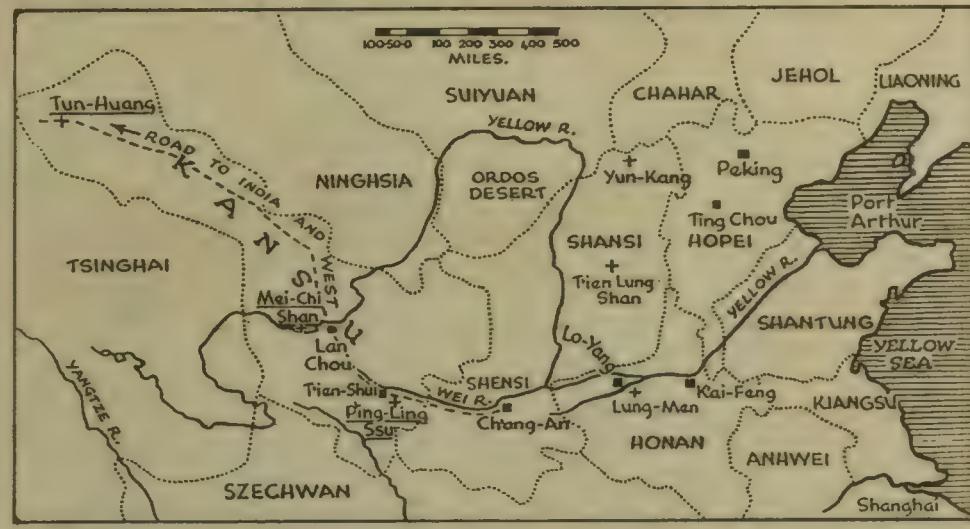


FIG. 2. A SKETCH-MAP OF NORTHERN CHINA, SHOWING THE SITES OF P'ING-LING SSÜ AND MEI-CHI, RECENTLY DISCOVERED; AND OTHER CAVE SHRINES REFERRED TO IN TEXT.

SUPERB CHINESE BUDDHIST SCULPTURES FROM NEWLY REVEALED CAVE SHRINES IN NORTH-WEST CHINA: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SEVENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECES.

By WILLIAM Y. WILLETS. (Photographs taken by members of the Chinese expedition to P'ing-ling Ssü and reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs Collet's Holdings, Ltd.)



stylistic *points de repère*. First in importance I should put what has been described as "perhaps the finest example of Buddhist sculpture in existence," the headless marble statue of a Bodhisattva, said to have come from a temple near Pao-ting, in Hopei, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. But this piece is also undated, and estimates as to its age have differed by 200 years or more. Stylistic parallels can also be drawn between the P'ing-ling Ssü series and the splendid T'ang sculptures from the T'ien-lung Shan caves in eastern Shansi, which again bear no dates. Dr. Sirén believes, however, that they fall into two groups separated by some twenty years, and that the earlier and finer set dates from about the mid-seventh century A.D. The only relevant group of sculptures known to me to be definitely dateable is a series once installed upon a famous terrace called Ch'i-pao T'ai, which was built for the K'uang-chai Temple in the T'ang capital of Ch'ang-an between 684 and 705 A.D. Typical specimens, a group of Eleven-headed Avalokitesvaras, are in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Freer Gallery of Art, Washington. But these, as I hope to show, are probably somewhat later.

Let us now remark an intrinsic likelihood that the undated material, including the P'ing-ling Ssü group, was carved at some time in the hundred years beginning about 650 A.D. To start with, the dominating stylistic influence is quite clearly that of mature Indian Gupta sculpture. We have only to observe the soft and sensitive modelling, the full plasticity, and the suggestion of movement, so rare in Chinese sculpture as a whole yet so distinctive of Indian, to realise that its makers had wholly surrendered, if only for the time being, to the fascination of a new and exciting treatment of the human body. Diagnostic is the posture known in Sanskrit as *tribhanga*, "thrice bent," which Professor Yetts has described as "double-lateral tilt." In it, the weight of the body is thrown onto one leg, the other being slightly behind and slightly flexed. The axis of the legs is thus brought somewhat off the perpendicular, that of the trunk inclines in the opposite direction, and the axis of neck and head lies parallel to that of the legs. This double tilt is well shown in the Bodhisattva image of Fig. 5. Indeed, the *hanche* posture is here more pronounced than in any other Chinese Buddhist image known to me—surely an indication that the convention was a novelty at the time this sculpture was carved. For the Chinese [*Continued opposite.*

(LEFT.) FIG. 3. A FINE SEATED BUDDHA, PERHAPS AMITABHA, ATTENDED BY TWO STANDING BODHISATTVAS—SCULPTURES FROM THE P'ING-LING TEMPLE SITE. PROBABLY LATER SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.



FIG. 4. THE BUDDHA OF THE WESTERN PARADISE, WITH ATTENDANT BODHISATTVAS, AND (FOURTH FROM LEFT) VAISRAVANA, GUARDIAN KING OF THE NORTH, WITH HIS FOOT ON A DWARF'S HEAD. (SEE FIG. 6.)

THE discovery of a cave shrine in the Lesser Chi-shih Hills, in Yung-ching County, a place high up on the course of the Yellow River about 120 kms. (74½ miles) west of Lanchow, in the same province (Fig. 2), is even more arresting than the Mei-chi discovery. Attention having been drawn to the site by a land reform worker in October 1951, an expedition was sent to survey its 124 caves and niches in September of the following year. Strict scientific supervision seems to have prevailed—a condition hitherto almost unknown in the annals of Chinese archaeology—the expedition being under the auspices of the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, and led in the field by the heads of the Bureau of Social and Cultural Affairs of the North-west Cultural Affairs Department, the Central Academy of Fine Arts, and the Institute for Research on the Tun-huang Relics, Messrs. Chao Wang-yün, Wu Tso-jen and Chang Shu-hung respectively. Fig. 1 gives a good idea of the difficult yet surpassingly beautiful nature of the terrain—the Yellow River running strongly in the foreground, behind which are ranks of fantastically eroded sandstone pinnacles that vividly remind one of the mountain scenery of classical Chinese landscape painting.

Sculptures at P'ing-ling Ssü, as the site has now been christened, also date from parts of the Northern Wei and T'ang dynasties, and thus belong to Professor Yetts' "First" and "Third" Phases, corresponding to those Dr. Sirén calls "Archaic" and "Mature." Broadly speaking, the Third Phase occupies the first half of the T'ang period, and the T'ang sculptures here shown (Figs. 3-6) are superb specimens of this last creative burst in the history of Chinese Buddhist sculpture, and one should perhaps emphasize that among sculptural remains from other early Chinese cave shrines, whether still in site or in the foreign museums and private collections to which so many have been dispersed, there are few so beautifully preserved as those of P'ing-ling Ssü. For the latter-day history of most Buddhist monuments in China is a sorry tale of wanton pillaging and decapitation of images on the part of dealers' agents, the heads being considered more saleable than the torsos. Here at P'ing-ling Ssü we have the rare circumstance of images still in site and still more or less intact.

As far as my information goes, the T'ang images at P'ing-ling Ssü bear no inscriptions, and for clues to their dates we have to turn to other sculptures as



FIG. 5. A STATUE SHOWING A STRONG INDIAN INFLUENCE : AVALOKITESVARA, SAVIOUR DEITY OF MAHAYANA BUDDHISM, BETTER KNOWN IN HIS LATER FEMALE GUISE OF KUAN-YIN, GODDESS OF MERCY. A MASTERPIECE FROM P'ING-LING SSÜ.

Continued. steadfastly resisted it. Even in its heyday it provoked criticism, one famous Buddhist of the middle-seventh century A.D. flatly declaring that sculptors now made images so like dancing-girls that every Court wanton took herself to be a Bodhisattva. The physical impression it gives is indeed of a sublime and unabashed femininity, emphasised by slender waist and well-developed chest, by naturalistic modelling of the texture of firm and supple flesh, and by reduction of the lower garment (*dhoti*) to a sort of second skin. Dates help to fix the period of vital achievement. An inscription of 641 A.D. commemorates the restoration of certain old caves at Lung-mén and building of new. The famous Chinese Buddhist pilgrim Hsüan Tsang came triumphantly home from India in 645 A.D., bringing with him seven Gupta images of Buddhas. The year in which falls the greatest number of dated Lung-mén inscriptions is 660 A.D.; and the largest Lung-mén image—a colossal statue said to be of the Universal Buddha Vairocana—was carved between 672 and 675 A.D. Less than a hundred years later the social and political condition of China had become chaotic, and was to remain so for the rest of the dynasty. By the mid-eighth century A.D. her Empire had fallen to pieces. An Lu-shan's rebellion of 755 A.D., during which the capital was sacked and changed hands several times, is only one of many catastrophes that overtook China at that time. Facts such as these make it unlikely that any of the images mentioned above were made before the mid-seventh or after the mid-eighth century A.D. My personal opinion is that the P'ing-ling Ssü group was carved between about 650 and 690 A.D. Comparison with the above-mentioned Eleven-headed Avalokitesvaras is instructive. For the latter have become subtly "sinified." Their modelling is now strictly methodised—the roll of flesh above the girdle, for instance, is in the Ch'ang-an images quite clearly rendered according to a formula—and they altogether lack the free and naturalistic spirit that so animates the Bodhisattvas of Figs. 4 and 5. Moreover, graceful as the Ch'ang-an images undoubtedly are, they have lapsed into a rooted Chinese immobility of pose, with only the barest suggestion of *tribhanga*. Students of Chinese art will recall

many instances of this rapid and inexorable re-tailoring of exotic styles to fit national æsthetic standards. In T'ang China, so exposed to stylistic influences from abroad, the process was continually at work—as a study of T'ang pottery, among other art forms, quickly discloses. In view of the freshness of treatment and animation of pose displayed by the P'ing-ling Ssü images, as well as the total absence of modifying plastic formulae such as we have mentioned above, I believe they must be dated earlier than the Ch'ang-an group made towards the end of the seventh century A.D. As far as concerns subject-matter the P'ing-ling Ssü images probably have few iconographic surprises in store. The seventh century A.D. was the floruit of Amitabha (Ch. O-mi-t'o), who presided over the Buddhist Western Paradise, and one might be inclined to identify the standing Buddha of Niche 51 as him, attended to right and left by the Bodhisattvas Mahasthamaprapta (Ch. Ta-shih-chih) and Avalokitesvara (Fig. 4). What makes this identification uncertain, although by no means rules it out, is the presence of a martial figure supported on the shoulders of a dwarf *yaksha* (see also Fig. 6) to the right of the niche. The supposed Vairocana group of 672-675 A.D. at Lung-mén, mentioned above, includes a closely comparable figure, also standing on the Buddha's proper left, in the same posture, and similarly supported by a dwarf *yaksha*. A Lung-mén inscription relating to the group names this personage as Vaisravana, one of the four *Maharaja-devas* (Ch. T'ien Wang) who rule over four different classes of demons said to dwell on the mythical Buddhist mountain, Sumeru. In his left hand the Lung-mén Vaisravana holds aloft his distinctive attribute, a model stupa of pyramidal shape—no doubt also the attribute once held in the missing left hand of the P'ing-ling Ssü image. The right hand of each is clenched at the waist. Many interesting questions stem from this Vaisravana portrayal—for such it must be—and that of the main personage on whom he attends. In China the cult of Vaisravana seems first to have been launched in the middle-seventh century A.D. In 653 A.D. Hsüan Tsang had a temple built in his honour, and in the same year Vaisravana was canonised as a Chinese God of Wealth, thus perpetuating the

[Continued overleaf]



FIG. 6. THE DWARF YAKSHA, WHO SUPPORTS THE FEET OF VAISRAVANA, GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH (A DETAIL OF FIG. 4).
THE YAKSHA IS A MINOR GOD OF INDIAN VILLAGE ORIGIN.

Continued.

Indian tradition whereby, as king of the *yakshas*, he was worshipped as the Hindu God of Wealth. One question is whether the four Chinese *T'ien Wang*, protectors of Buddha, materialised out of the cult of the single Vaisravana. The group of four became popular, it is said, soon after 746 A.D., in which year they appeared in a vision to the Indian Buddhist missionary Amoghavajra, then resident in the T'ang capital. Amoghavajra was the disciple of Vajrabodhi, the Indian Buddhist priest who is credited with introducing the Vairocana cult to China in 720 A.D. But if he did so—and as far as I know this question has not hitherto been raised—how are we to explain existence of a Vairocana colossus nearly fifty years earlier?

Is the Lung-mén image really a Vairocana portrayal? The accompanying inscription is not, in fact, contemporary with the image, but reproduces a letter written in 723 A.D., three years after the supposed inauguration of the Chinese Vairocana cult. Does this perhaps mean that the colossus was then dedicated afresh, to the Buddha whose name was now on everybody's lips? In that case the image must originally have been meant for Amitabha, as may also have been the P'ing-ling Ssü group of Fig. 4. In any case, remarkable iconographic similarity between the two portrayals of Vaisravana suggests that they may be nearly contemporary.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

FRANCE AND SPAIN IN MOROCCO.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

ON January 22, M. Laniel, who was acting as Foreign Minister during the absence of M. Bidault in Berlin, presided over a Ministerial meeting to discuss the terms of a communication to be sent to Madrid on the subject of Spanish Morocco. On the previous day the most important notables of the Spanish area had handed to General Valiño, the Spanish High Commissioner, a petition most unwelcome to France. This petition repudiated the authority of the present Sultan of Morocco and demanded that the Khalifah—the title by which the Sultan's representative in the Spanish area is known—should assume full sovereignty. This was a protest against the deposition of the former Sultan, Sidi Mohammed Ben Yussef. The petitioners declared themselves in favour of Moroccan unity, but called for separation of the Spanish zone while conditions in the French remained what they were. They refused to recognise Sultan Moulay Arafat, "arbitrarily" imposed on Morocco by France. General Valiño's strong criticism of French Moroccan policy increased French anxiety lest the Sherifian empire should be formally split.

The Sultanate of Morocco has some conventional features about it to-day. The vast majority of the country is under French control. A fraction, perhaps one-tenth of the French area, is under Spanish. At Tangier, a minute proportion is under international control. The Sultan resides in the French zone. In theory he is ruler of the Spanish. In fact he is not, but then he can hardly be said to be ruler of the French either, unless he complies with French policy, as the last Sultan found. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the Sultan did not count, or even that he was not of great importance. The late Sultan was in a position to maintain a formidable opposition to French policy, so much so that the French brought about his dethronement, a step which they would never have taken unless his attitude had appeared most dangerous to them. The Sultanate still enjoys prestige, and at least as much in the Spanish zone, where the Sultan never sets foot, as in the French.

The relations of France and Spain in Morocco have varied between the correct and co-operative and the indifferent, seldom approaching the cordial. For instance, during the First World War the Spaniards were on friendly terms with Abd el Krim, though he did not conceal his hatred of the French. France and Spain were brought more closely together by the events which followed that war. Spain's former protégé, Abd el Krim, set upon her forces in the Melilla region and inflicted heavy defeats on them, afterwards establishing what was known as the "Republic of the Riff." In 1925 he attacked the French in strength. He did not win comparable successes against them, but he took most of their posts after fierce and bloody fighting. For the time being France and Spain then co-operated closely. A great campaign was mounted in concert, which included a spectacular Spanish landing in the Bay of Alhucemas. Pétain and later Boichut for the French, Sanjuro for the Spaniards, quickly crushed Abd el Krim; but it was not until 1933 that the High Atlas was pacified by the French. At one moment the allies had between them nearly 250,000 men in Morocco.

Much has been written of late of the Arab policy of General Franco, of which General Valiño's attitude on receiving the petition of the notables on January 21 at Tetuan is said to be the latest example. It is not so generally recognised that he had a precursor in seeking friendship with Arab peoples. After the struggle in Morocco had ended, the then Spanish dictator, General Primo de Rivera, initiated a remarkable policy. He showed himself understanding, conciliatory and tactful. No one can say whether or not the policy which he then employed will maintain its success indefinitely, but, as things go in the political world, it is now ancient, and has shown no sign of losing its strength. It has, in fact, been maintained unchanged for a generation. Though the Spanish Government has never been talkative about events in their zone in Morocco, it is clear that the continual unrest in the French zone has not been reproduced here.

Without any intention of taking sides in this affair, I would point out a factor which may not be

generally realised, because French information services are much fuller than Spanish and the Press tends to give the public the French rather than the Spanish point of view. It has been said that the French Government resents the Tetuan episode because it makes their position in Morocco more difficult. Readers of well-informed articles from Paris may not have asked themselves whether the Spanish Government had not at least equally good reason to resent French policy in Morocco—and this not as an episode of a day, but as having gone on for years. It is difficult for one protecting Power to maintain warm friendship with the people of the protected region if another, in a neighbouring part of the same empire, is constantly at loggerheads with its people. The Spanish Government and the High Commissioner may perhaps be excused from feeling that the deposition of the Sultan of all Morocco by the French on their own initiative, and the events preceding and succeeding this action, made their task harder and might damage the good relations which they had established with the people of their zone.

development has been accomplished by all the changes which are to be expected in such a community; above all, the decay of tribal and even family spirit and links. In the cities something like an urban proletariat has appeared. Men and women divorced from their origins, from the way of life of their parents, live in industrial streets more or less on the European pattern. Some recent French sociological

studies have pictured the lives of individuals and families in this intermediate stage. They are restless and unsettled. Old-fashioned morals have been weakened. The sexes drift into temporary unions. These people find nothing to cling to. Many, if not most, of them are discontented. This represents a situation which the Spanish authorities have as yet scarcely had to face.

Communism in French Morocco has rapidly increased in strength. Communist policy is to use the power of the movement in favour of the elements in the community most likely to disrupt it. Here Communism has been employed in support of the most extreme nationalist elements, because they are most suitable to its purposes. In many cases the ideals of the two parties are opposed, but the Communists believe that if they aid nationalism to triumph they will be able to trim it to their liking later on. This has happened before now. It makes the French task a hard one. To say so much is not to express approval of French policy in Morocco, certainly not of every feature of it. Many Frenchmen, not all of whom belong to the Left Wing, feel that it has been too

"colonial" in a bad sense. They regard it as dilatory in the fulfilment of promises. The promises themselves may be satisfactory, but they are being too slowly translated into effect. And in such cases promises are apt to go stale and lose their taste if they are kept too long in the larder.

At the same time we must realise that propaganda from the Left is generally more effective than that from the opposite side. The French in Morocco have often been unfairly treated by opinion even in our own country. Their record is, in the main, one of which they have a right to be proud. And up to a point this has been recognised by the majority of the country. As I pointed out in a previous article, opposition to France has been strongest in time of peace and weakest in time of war and danger. In the First World War, Lyautey induced the French Government to countermand its project of withdrawal to the coast zone and abandoning the greater part of the country. He also sent to France more Moroccan troops than had been demanded of him. Yet Morocco remained quiet. Only after the war did grave trouble arise. The situation was even more remarkable in the Second World War, because at



THE EX-SULTAN OF MOROCCO, SIDI MOHAMMED V, WHO WAS PROCLAIMED SULTAN IN NOVEMBER 1927 AND WHO WAS DEPOSED AND EXILED BY THE FRENCH ON AUGUST 20, 1953.

The now-exiled Sultan of Morocco, who for many years had been considered the creature of the French, was during 1952 and early 1953 showing strong sympathies with Moroccan Nationalists and pressing the French for a greater degree of self-determination. In May 1953 the Caïds began pressing General Guillaume, the French Resident-General, to depose the Sultan, their leader in this move being the Pasha of Marrakesh, El Glaoui, a powerful and elderly chieftain; and the Sultan appealed to General Guillaume for help. In August El Glaoui declared that the Sultan's uncle, Sidi Ben Arafat, was the spiritual leader of the Moroccan peoples and there was rioting in Casablanca. On August 20 the Sultan was deposed and exiled by the French authorities, and Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafat, the Sultan's uncle, proclaimed in his stead. On January 21 this year, 450 notables of Spanish Morocco at Tetuan, in the presence of the Spanish High Commissioner, General Valiño, repudiated the new Sultan, and the French Government protested to the Spanish Government about General Valiño's speech on this occasion. On January 27 the Arab League Council, meeting at Cairo, announced that it did not recognise the new Sultan.

Some French opinion holds that the Spanish attitude has been influenced by the pact with the United States about American bases in Spain, and that this has caused Spain to be inclined to throw her weight about. It seems to me that, if this be a factor, it is only a minor one. After all, the deposition of the Sultan, which occurred six months ago, has not been recognised by the Spanish High Commissioner or by the Khalifah. The French Government took no note of Spanish feelings at the time, and would probably have been surprised if the Spaniards had accepted the situation. It is plausible to argue that the recent agitation on the subject of Gibraltar is connected with the United States agreement, but I cannot see why it should be considered to be closely linked with the Moroccan incident. At the time of writing, the Spanish Government has not officially supported the notables' request that the Khalifah should assume full sovereignty in Spanish Morocco. The French appear to think that General Franco may not be prepared to go to this length, but it is by no means certain. On the whole, the French are more dissatisfied by General Valiño's speech than by the petition which occasioned it. The importance of the petition must be measured mainly by the Spanish attitude to it.

If, however, France has had to face opposition, while Spain since the great Rifian revolt has not, the conditions in the two zones are very different. French Morocco, with its vastly greater population, has become to a considerable extent industrialised. This

an early stage France was defeated and prostrated. Again the country was quiet until liberated by the North African landings of the Allies, after which considerable numbers of Moroccan troops took part in the remainder of the war. This support in adversity is as good a tribute to the French in Morocco as could well be found.

I happen to have met both the French Resident-General, General Guillaume, and the Spanish High Commissioner, General Valiño. Both are men of courage and ability. The affair, however, has now reached a stage when only the Governments of the two countries had to deal with the principles involved. General Valiño may have been unduly outspoken in his reply to the petitioners because the subject is of an explosive nature, but from the moment when the late Sultan was deposed it has appeared likely that Spanish displeasure would be expressed in some forcible way. At first sight it is difficult to see how the harm done can be repaired. The important thing is that it should not be allowed to spread. France and Spain have rarely been on good terms in modern times, but, as I have pointed out, they did for a period between the two Great Wars come to see that they had strong interests in common. Whatever their differences in policy and views in Morocco, this is still the case to-day. A quarrel of this kind will do harm to both of them. It is also certain to exercise bad effects on Morocco. Moderation and statesmanship are the qualities called for. Only they can prevent worse effects than have already occurred.

THE ROYAL TOUR: EVENTS OF THE LAST

DAYS IN NEW ZEALAND, AND THE DEPARTURE FOR AUSTRALIA.



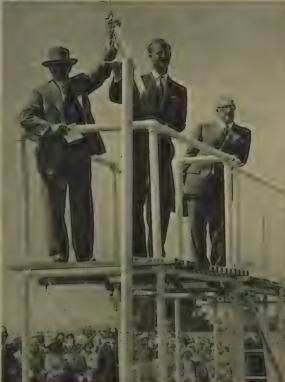
WEARING A BROCADE DRESS, AND A DIAMOND TIARA, NECKLACE AND BRACELET: THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE REGENT CINEMA, CHRISTCHURCH, TO SEE "THE LOVE LOTTERY."



(ABOVE) IN A SUMMER DRESS OF SPOTTED MATERIAL, WITH A ROSES' JACKET TO MATCH; THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ARRIVING ON JANUARY 19 AT NELSON CATHEDRAL.



(ABOVE) SHOWING THE HUGE CROWDS, AMONG WHICH WERE PEOPLE STANDING ON ROOFTOPS AND PORCHES, STEPS, AND ROOF OF THE CATHEDRAL SQUARE, CHRISTCHURCH, DURING THE CIVIC RECEPTION.



(LEFT) FAREWELL TO NEW ZEALAND: THE S.S. OCEANIS WITH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STANDING ON THE BRIDGE, PULLS OUT FROM BLUFF HARBOUR TO BEGIN THE JOURNEY TO AUSTRALIA.
(Radio photograph)

(RIGHT) ACTING AS STARTER FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH STAKES, AN EVENT NAMED IN HIS HONOUR, AT THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE NEW ZEALAND METROPOLITAN TROTTING CLUB MEETING, ON JANUARY 21.



WITH A NEW ZEALAND FERN-LEAF-DESIGN BROOCH ON HER JACKET: THE QUEEN WITH THE BISHOP OF CHRISTCHURCH OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL, AND THE DUKE (CENTRE).



GREETED BY HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN WAVING FLAGS: THE QUEEN, IN A SUMMER DRESS OF HOLLY-PATTERNED MATERIAL, AT THE HALT AT DARFIELD, EN ROUTE FOR CHRISTCHURCH.



AT THE MILITARY CAMP AT BURNHAM: THE QUEEN, IN A DRESS WITH A SMALL FLORAL PATTERN, MADE WITH A BASQUE EFFECT, WALKING WITH THE DUKE.



A POPULAR NEW ZEALAND SPORT: A RACE AT THE NEW ZEALAND METROPOLITAN TROTTING CLUB MEETING AT ADDINGTON RACECOURSE, WHICH THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ATTENDED.

KING GEORGE VI ATTENDED A MEETING THERE, WHEN DUKE OF YORK; AND A RACE, THE DUKE OF YORK HANDICAP, AT WHICH HE ACTED AS STARTER, WAS NAMED AFTER HIM. Dunedin, the "biggest little city in the world," is situated at Timaru, Oamaru and Palmerston. Dunedin, in contrast to Christchurch, is called the "most Scottish city outside Scotland," and here her Majesty was greeted by the skirl of the pipes. January 26 was a public holiday and was marked by a carnival and an orchestral concert. At an athletic meeting, Miss Yvette Williams broke her own New Zealand record for the long jump. On

January 28 the Queen drove to Invercargill, where the following day she broadcast her farewell to New Zealand and her "great and united people." "May this concord of races," she said, "flourish in the fruitful land and in the splendid climate which Providence has given you." On January 30 the Royal party boarded the *Gothic* at the little port of Bluff for their departure to Australia.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ELMS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

and along public road-sides, until there is an epidemic of fatal accidents to popular and important public people—a most unlikely coincidence.

Nevertheless, the proper place for elm-trees is in the country, growing in the hedge-rows, well back from public road-sides. Then, if an odd branch should

most beautiful of all our native trees, the perfect pulpit from which a blackbird or a misselthrush can serenade us—or, rather, his sweetheart. As a feature in a rural landscape Constable found it unsurpassed. But in the relatively confined space of the average garden, and in public parks, an elm can be the very devil. It is largely a surface-rooter, and spreads a network of hungry, thieving, moisture-sucking roots far and wide to incredible distances. It is therefore the worst possible tree to have anywhere near the vegetables or the flower-beds, the roses, or the rock-garden. Elm roots have an uncanny instinct for finding the good living of the flower- or the kitchen-garden, and are prepared to travel endlessly to steal such delights. If, moreover, it should be the English elm, *Ulmus procera*, or *campestris*, there will soon be the ever-recurring nuisance of forests of elm-suckers springing up all over the place. But far worse than all this is the treacherous trick that elms have of suddenly, without warning, and for no apparent reason, dropping great branches. Bean refers to this in his "Trees and Shrubs Hardy in the British Isles." He says: "This elm [the English elm: *Ulmus procera*] has an unfortunate propensity in age of dropping its limbs, which snap off without any warning. This usually happens on still evenings in late summer and early autumn when the trees are still in full leaf. It is also liable to occur during a heavy rain following a period of heat and drought. This habit makes the elm a very unsuitable tree to plant in crowded thoroughfares." Unsuitable, one might add, to plant in public parks and gardens. The tiresome thing is that the silly elm appears to drop its limbs quite promiscuously. Seldom on the right people.

There has been a great outcry recently against the felling of elm-trees in Kensington Gardens. But do those who protest really think that these fellings are due to either ignorance or callous vandalism? The responsible authorities are up against the danger to the public from trees suffering from the dread elm disease, and so becoming unsafe, and at the same time the danger from the elm's trick of dropping great limbs, suddenly, without warning, quite irrespective of disease. This sudden loss of a great number of beautiful trees in a place like London, where every smallest green thing is of inestimable value, is a calamity. But the authorities responsible for the fellings should receive thanks for their wisdom and congratulations for their courage in protecting the public from unsuspected dangers. If any blame is due in this matter it must surely fall retrospectively on the folk who planted the elms originally, and that was a considerable time ago. In those days the danger from falling elm branches was probably not fully realised. It is not realised as fully as it should be, even to-day. Nor probably was it realised a hundred or more years ago how thickly populated the London and other public parks would eventually become.

This sudden falling of elm limbs is a far commoner happening than many people realise. I have seen great elm branches which had crashed, quite a number of times, and once, when motoring in Hertfordshire, I saw one come down right across the road I was on, and less than a hundred yards from where I was at the moment. It is probable that, despite the danger, we shall go on planting elms in public parks, public gardens,

immediately after trimming they look like immensely tall besoms. The trunks soon bristle with a fine crop of young growth which, after a few years, is again cut and used as fuel. It is in fact a regular routine form of husbandry. These cropped trees lack the full rich splendour of our hedgerow elms, but they have nevertheless a certain picturesque charm. And I can imagine that they interfere much less with crops growing beneath and around them.

Elm logs have rather a bad reputation as fuel, but this is unjustified. It is only when recently cut that elm is bad. In that state it is certainly one of the most sulky and sullen forms of fuel that I know. Well-seasoned and dry elm logs burn extremely well. Elm timber is used for coffins, and also for various forms of rural carpentering, such as the floors of carts and wheelbarrows. Elm trunks hollowed out were used as water-mains before the introduction of iron pipes for the purpose. I remember seeing a tree-trunk water-main being taken out of Baker Street in London during roadmen's spring manœuvres many years ago. I rather think, however, that those particular trunks were oak.

There is one use for elm—for the leaves and branches—which seems to be very little known, and that is as food for tame rabbits. From time to time during my life I have kept rabbits as a source of food, and I always made a practice of giving them great quantities of assorted hedge-trimmings to eat. They liked rose prunings, and fruit-tree prunings, apple, pear, plum and the rest; and all sorts of twigs and branches from the hedges—hawthorn, blackthorn, ash, sycamore and so on. Ash twigs are especially recommended as a rabbit medicine. But of all the tree and shrub growth that I gave them, they seemed to enjoy elm the most. They would go for it first in a mixed gathering, and having first eaten the leaves, they would go on to the smaller twigs and branches, which they chewed up and ate whole; and finally they would strip off and eat the bark of the thicker wood, leaving nothing but bare skeletons. It was an easy and economical way of feeding rabbits. I

would run them free on the floor of a shed, and bring in great bundles of tree and shrub and throw it down for them to help themselves, and always they went for the elm first.

I was once told by a great rabbit expert that elm was extremely wholesome and fattening for them. How far this information was founded on scientific knowledge I do not know. Probably it was founded upon the same common-sense, practical hunch as my opinion that, as with us, so with a rabbit, "a bit of what yer fancy does yer good." The second favourite food that I gave my rabbits in the shrub line was gorse. They would sit down before the most hostile-looking branch of gorse and delicately nibble off the needle-sharp prickles first; and chew them as though they were celery, and then carry on until there was nothing left but hard, bare wood.

It is a curious thing that no one seems to know for certain what is the origin of the common English elm, *Ulmus procera*. They do not know whether it is a true species or a hybrid, nor when or where it first occurred. Another queer thing about the tree is

that it seems to rely entirely upon suckers as a means of reproduction. Although the trees produce vast quantities of seeds, these are almost invariably sterile. Bean says that he never saw a genuine seedling of this elm—and his experience was exceptionally wide. But apparently seedlings have been reported on good authority, but only very rarely.

IN THE RIGHT PLACE, THE ELM "IS ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL OUR NATIVE TREES"—ALIKE IN ITS MASSES OF SUMMER FOLIAGE AND, AS HERE, IN THE WINTER OUTLINE OF ITS BOUGHS.



"AS A FEATURE IN A RURAL LANDSCAPE CONSTABLE FOUND [THE ELM] UNSURPASSED"; AND HERE IT IS GROWING, AS MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS, WELL BACK FROM PUBLIC ROADSIDES.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

fall now and then and kill a cow or a sheep, at any rate they could be eaten. With folk in the parks the case is different.

In France this danger from falling elm limbs is greatly reduced by the method of giving the trees what one might call a Hobbema Crop. The trees are trimmed up close to the main trunk so that



A MASTERPIECE FROM DULWICH ON VIEW IN THE FLEMISH EXHIBITION:
"HAGAR IN A LANDSCAPE", BY SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

The model for this painting by Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) was the artist's second wife, Hélène Fourment, whose beauty is represented in so many of his pictures. It is one of the treasures of the Dulwich College Picture Gallery, where it is catalogued as "Hagar in the Wilderness"; and was included in the 1811 bequest by Sir Francis Bourgeois, R.A. Although an engraving by F. le Roy shows the whole composition as Rubens painted it, with Ishmael standing on the left—a figure missing in the now-mutilated original—for many years the painting was called "Portrait of Hélène Fourment." When the Dulwich pictures were exhibited at the National Gallery in 1947 after they had been brought back from Wales, where they had been kept in safety throughout the war, this work, which had been cleaned, was given its original title. There is little in the picture to suggest the sacred story, but it was seventeenth-century convention to represent historical and Biblical personages in contemporary dress. Hagar's sandals and the water-bottle at the bottom-left-hand corner are indications of the subject. Traces of an angel in the sky were revealed by the cleaning, but these are difficult to distinguish in a reproduction. The work, which is now on view at the Flemish Art Exhibition, 1300-1700, at the Royal Academy Galleries, is of outstanding beauty. It was painted c. 1630-2, about the same time as the "Garden of Love" in the Prado, in which the many figures of women in the crowded canvas are all portraits of Hélène Fourment.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Governors of Dulwich College.



WHERE THE QUEEN WAS DUE TO LAND ON FEBRUARY 3: THE HEART OF SYDNEY—NOW FOURTH LARGEST CITY OF THE COMMONWEALTH—AS IT WAS ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

This sketch of part of Sydney Harbour in 1810 is the property of the National Trust and was found by Mr. Somerset de Chair among some papers at his home, Blickling Hall, in Norfolk—which was bequeathed to the National Trust by the late Lord Lothian. On the back of the picture is inscribed in ink: "South West View of the town of Sydney in New South Wales, A.D. 1810. George William Evans delt." Mr. de Chair, who lived for five years in Sydney

while his father, Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, was Governor of New South Wales, and during that time attended the King's School, Paramatta, believes that the part of modern Sydney covered by the picture is Woolloomooloo, now a dock area. The name "Woolloomooloo" is believed to be the aborigines' corruption of "Windmill Hill," and it is noteworthy that two windmills are shown in this view. A fort or signal station appears at the highest point in the

Reproduced by Courtesy of the National Trust.

right half and this would seem to chime with the view that the water—in which three warships of the Red are riding—is Woolloomooloo Cove, that the promontory behind it is now the Botanical Gardens, while behind that lies Farm Cove, in which her Majesty was first to set foot on Australian soil on February 3. It is astonishing to think that this scatter of houses, with naked aborigines brandishing their weapons in the foreground, is now the centre of the fourth largest

city of the Commonwealth, smaller only than London, Calcutta and Bombay. Its population by 1861 was 97,065 and by 1957, 1,610,580, or nearly half the population of the State of New South Wales. Not far from the point shown—in fact, the bay beyond Farm Cove—lies Circular Quay, where Admiral Phillip chose to place the new settlement in 1788—twenty-two years before George William Evans painted this picture.



GUARDED BY A WAITER : THE LEADENHALL STREET ENTRANCE TO THE UNDERWRITING ROOM AND THE WAR MEMORIAL. THE LATTER, COMMEMORATING THOSE THAT FELL IN WORLD WAR I., CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND BEHIND THE BRONZE GATES.

LLOYD'S, the hub of the insurance world, is the best-known of our great business institutions and enjoys immense prestige, both at home and abroad. It claims direct descent from one of the City's seventeenth-century coffee-houses kept by one Edward Lloyd. To-day the attendants are still called "Waiters" and the insurance brokers and underwriters who are members do business in a place traditionally called "the Room," in which they sit in "boxes" similar to those in the old coffee-houses. Lloyd's itself is a society, composed of underwriting members, non-underwriting members, annual subscribers, and associates, incorporated by Act of Parliament. Lloyd's present premises in Leadenhall Street, where the colour photographs shown on this page were taken, were

[Continued below.]



THE CENTRE OF BUSINESS AT LLOYD'S : "THE ROOM," SHOWING THE ROSTRUM AND LUTINE BELL, WHICH IS RUNG TO INDICATE THAT AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE, GOOD OR BAD, IS ABOUT TO BE MADE.

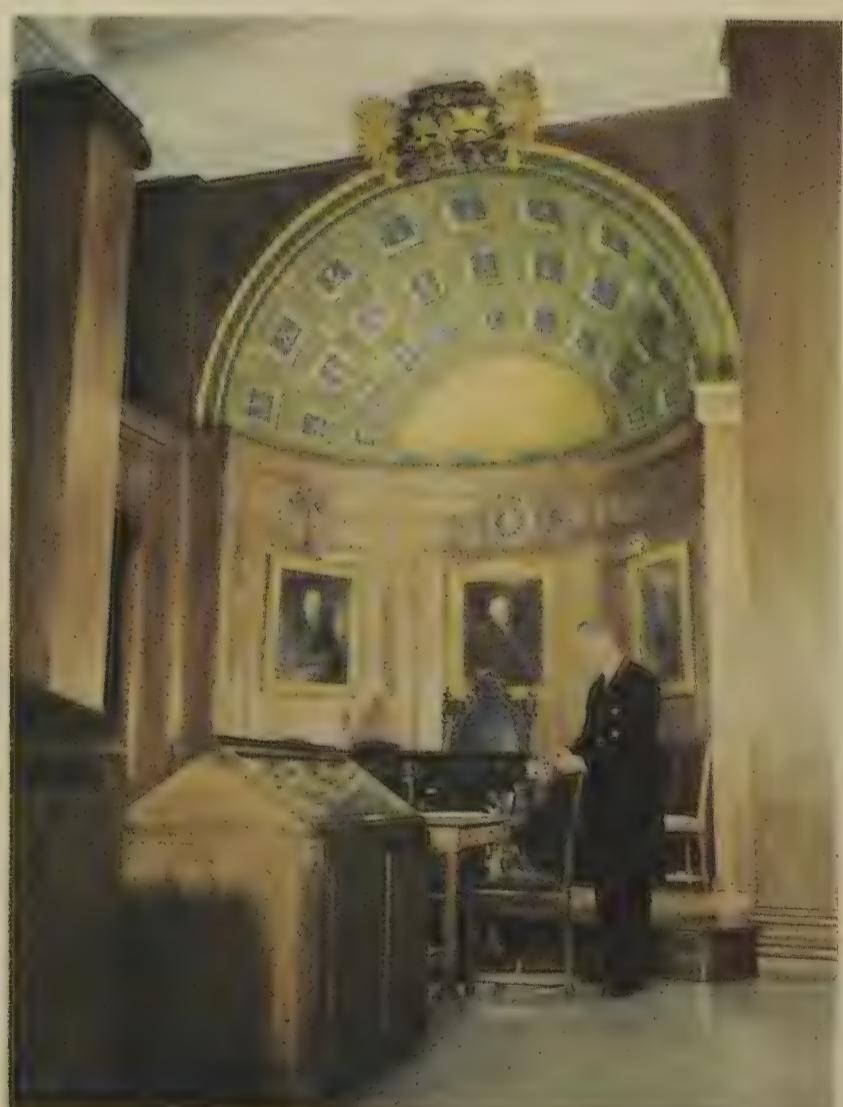


IN THE ANTE-ROOM TO THE COMMITTEE ROOM : THE ARMS OF THE CORPORATION OF LLOYD'S WITH THE MOTTO *FIDENTIA*. THE CHAIRMAN'S WAITER (LEFT) WEARS A NAVY SERGE TAIL COAT WITH SCARLET COLLAR AND BRASS BUTTONS.

THE HUB OF THE INSURANCE WORLD: LLOYD'S—INTERIOR VIEWS OF THEIR HEADQUARTERS.

Continued.

opened by King George V. in 1928. At that time there were rather more than 1300 members of Lloyd's while to-day there are over 3600, although only a proportion of these are active underwriters. The present premises are now inadequate and a new building, of which H.M. the Queen laid the foundation-stone on November 6, 1952, is in process of construction in Lime Street. When completed the new building will be connected to the present one by a



AT LLOYD'S : PART OF THE LIBRARY SHOWING THE APSE AT THE NORTH END. THE TABLE AND CHAIR ON THE DAIS ARE MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE RUDDER OF THE WRECKED *LUTINE*, SUNK IN 1799 AND PARTIALLY SALVAGED BETWEEN 1857 AND 1861.

closed bridge at first-floor level. In our photograph (lower right), which shows part of the Library, the portraits in the apse are of (left) : A. L. Sturge, Esq., Deputy Chairman of Lloyd's in 1921, and Chairman in 1922 and 1923 ; (centre) John Julius Angerstein, Esq., Chairman of Lloyd's in 1795, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence ; and (right) Sir Percy Graham MacKinnon, Deputy Chairman of Lloyd's in 1924, and Chairman in 1925, 1927, 1928, 1932 and 1933.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THERE is no theoretical limit to the size to which aquatic organisms can grow. In various forms this statement has appeared a number of times in the pages of scientific literature, and a reader has asked what are its implications. This is not easy to say. To begin with, those who have made the assertion have not been very clear in their exposition, but it seems that the two important words in it are "theoretical" and "aquatic." There are many things governing size, the first being the hereditary equipment. Members of a species vary in size about a mean, and while the deviations from this average can be wide, they are still relatively circumscribed. A house-mouse has a certain average body-size, of which we are generally aware, although we may be ignorant of its exact dimensions in units of linear or other measurement. There may be individual mice markedly smaller than this average, and those that are markedly larger. The same is true of the African elephant. But a dwarf elephant is still appreciably larger than a giant house-mouse. In other words, there is a stability, within reasonable limits, imposed by heredity on body-size as on any other character of an organism.

So far we have considered two land animals, and except that the limits of variation may differ, there is no departure in any terrestrial species from what is found in these two. The same holds true, in a general sense, for aquatic organisms, whether marine or fresh-water. If we consider maximum specific sizes, it can be said, however, that extremes in aquatic organisms tend to exceed those of terrestrial organisms, but by very little; and even this cautious statement must be hedged in with qualifications and exceptions. The largest aquatic plants known are, presumably, the 100-ft.-long kelps of certain Pacific coasts. On the other hand, the redwood trees grow to a comparable height, and if, in addition, we include their root systems and take into account their general bulk represented by the spreading branches, there is no ground for saying that aquatic plants, theoretically or in practice, are capable of attaining a larger size than terrestrial plants.

Turning to animals, the largest known is the blue whale. For this a length of 100 ft. has been recorded, with a corresponding bulk represented approximately by 1 ton weight for every foot of length. It is sometimes stated that the blue whale may attain 120 ft. in length, but this is difficult to substantiate. There were, also, the giant sharks of the Miocene, measuring 60 ft. in length, judging by the size of their teeth. The largest land animal that has ever lived, so far as we know, was the extinct reptile *Diplodocus*, whose remains have been found in North America. This was 80 ft. long, including a long, thin neck and a long, tapering tail. On the other hand, the actual bulk of the body—14 ft. high at its maximum—was little more than that of the elephant, the remains of which were found at Upnor, in Essex, that stood 13 ft. at the shoulder. There are, of course, the giant squid of the Atlantic, 55 ft. long, including the tentacles, and giant jellyfish of the Pacific, 7 ft. in diameter. There are also giant earthworms in Australia up to 12 ft. long. If we compare as a whole the one-hundred-and-one giants, extinct or living, on land or in the sea, we find no very marked difference as between sizes reached on land or in the

THEORETICAL GIANTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

water. Such differences as there are may be due to the fact that it is easier to support a bulk in water than on land, yet even this is an uneasy foundation for argument.

Moreover, great as the bulk of the blue whale is by human standards, it is a mere speck relative to the extent of the ocean, and neither it nor any other organism has ever attained a size sufficient to justify the assertion with which we started.

So much then for the word aquatic. What is meant by the inclusion of the word theoretical? It may be that to the mathematically minded this assertion contains some basis for argument. If so, then one can but say that there is more than one example on record in which it has been proved mathematically that certain things could not be done by animals, only to find that, in practice, the animals in question could do them. Presumably the converse is true: that a thing theoretically possible is not necessarily so in practice. It would seem also that in only one group of living organisms is there any evidence for supposing this theoretical absence to a limit to body size. That is in the sponges, which have some unusual powers of growth. Under certain circumstances, for example, individuals of the same species show a remarkable ability to coalescence. It is possible, experimentally, to bring a dozen or more such individuals into close and continuous contact so that in a short while they have grown into one. Theoretically, therefore, they have unlimited powers of coalescence and, as a consequence, there is theoretically no limit to the size attainable.

Another unusual mode of growth, about which little is understood, is shown by the boring sponges. In the early stages, a boring sponge is about one-fifth of an inch across. It tunnels into a shell or a limestone rock, increasing in size as it does so, but never assuming massive proportions. From time to time one of these sponges emerges from the shell or rock and grows to enormous size, anything up to 2 ft. across. Why this should take place and what the advantage may be to the sponge is not clear. It was recognised years ago that the event could take place, but prior to that the small sponge and the massive lump it grew into were looked upon as two distinct species. It is noteworthy that the largest living sponges belong all to the same family as the boring sponge. They include the neptune's cup of the Malay Archipelago, 3 ft. high; the loggerhead of the Gulf of Mexico, 3 ft. across; and a tray-shaped sponge found off Eastern Australia, about which little is known, that measures up to 4 ft. across. The largest fossil sponge is the Burton sponge—nothing to do with the present writer—from the U.S.A., a tall, slender, vase-shaped sponge nearly 14 ft. high. Sponges are often growing in great profusion on the seabed, under circumstances, one would have thought, in which

unlimited possibilities of growing together were present, yet there is no evidence that the sizes given for the neptune's cup, the loggerhead and the tray-shaped sponge are exceeded, except very rarely and by very little.

Theoretically there is no limit to the size to which sponges may grow; in practice the limit is soon reached. If this is true of sponges it is more true of other animals, for sponges are probably the most plastic of all multicellular organisms. What, then, is the value of the statement with which we started? As a debating point it may have much to recommend it; as a practical remark it seems to me to be valueless



THREE OF THE LARGEST SPONGES LIVING TO-DAY: (L. TO R.) THE NEPTUNE'S CUP, THE LOGGERHEAD AND A TRAY-SHAPED SPONGE FROM AUSTRALIA. SPONGES HAVE AS UNUSUAL POTENTIALITIES FOR EXCEPTIONAL GROWTH AS ANY LIVING ORGANISMS, YET NOTHING WE KNOW OF THEIR GROWTH-PROCESSES GIVES SUPPORT TO THE ASSERTION THAT AQUATIC ORGANISMS ARE CAPABLE OF UNLIMITED GROWTH.



GIVING AN IMPRESSION OF THE ABUNDANCE OF THESE ORGANISMS ON THE SEA-BED: A MASS OF SPONGES (NON-COMMERCIAL VARIETY) BROUGHT UP IN THE TRAWL SEEN ON THE DECK OF A TRAWLER OFF EAST GREENLAND. THESE PARTICULAR SPONGES (*Geodia*) ARE KNOWN TO THE TRAWLERS AS "DUFF."

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AT AN EXHIBITION OF HIS WORKS :

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (R).

Mr. Somerset Maugham attended, on January 26, an exhibition of MSS. and First Editions of his works arranged in honour of his 80th birthday, at *The Times* Bookshop. Among the guests were the novelist's brother, Lord Maugham (seen left, above) and his daughter, Lady John Hope (centre).



ENTHRONED AS R.C. ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL : DR. WILLIAM GODFREY.

On January 28 Dr. William Godfrey was enthroned in St. Nicholas' Pro-Cathedral, Liverpool, as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool. For the time being he will combine his duties as Apostolic Delegate with his work as Archbishop of Liverpool.



THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR, MR. ALI SOHEILY (RIGHT), WITH MR. DENIS WRIGHT IN TEHERAN.

Mr. Ali Soheily's appointment as Persian Ambassador to the Court of St. James' (a post he held before the breaking off of diplomatic relations) was announced on January 26. He is seen with Mr. Denis Wright, British Chargé d'Affaires.



VOTED THE BEST WOMAN ATHLETE OF 1953 : MISS JEAN DESFORGES.

Miss Jean Desforges (Essex Ladies) is seen above with the Lord Hawke trophy presented to her at the London Polytechnic on January 30. She was winner of the Women's A.A.A. hurdles, long jump and pentathlon championships, and set up a British long-jump record of 19 ft. 5½ ins.



DIED ON JANUARY 31 : COLONEL EVAN AUSTIN HUNTER.

Colonel Evan Austin Hunter, Secretary of the British Olympic Association, 1925-48, was born in 1887. He did much for the organisation of British Olympic Games teams, and for athletes taking part in international events, acting as Hon. Manager for teams in many lands. He served throughout the 1914-1918 War.



DIED ON JANUARY 27 : LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR JOHN MAYHEW.

Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Mayhew, Conservative M.P. for the N. Division of East Ham, 1931-45, was sixty-nine. He was made a Freeman of the City of London, 1934; J.P. for Essex, 1937, and Deputy Lieutenant of Essex, 1944, when he was elected Master of the Patternmakers' Company.



DIED ON FEBRUARY 1 : SIR HENRY LEVESON GOWER.

Sir Henry Leveson Gower, President of the Surrey County Cricket Club, 1929-40, was eighty. He captained Oxford University at cricket in 1896, Surrey from 1908-10, and the M.C.C. eleven which toured South Africa 1909-10. He was often a Test Match selector, being Chairman in 1924 and from 1928 to 1930.



HOME AGAIN AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC ALONE IN A SLOOP : MRS. ANN DAVISON.

Mrs. Ann Davison, the English yachtswoman, who landed in Miami, Florida, last August after a solo Transatlantic voyage in her 23-ft. sloop *Felicity Ann*, arrived in London from New York by air on January 27. Her outward trip took fifteen months.



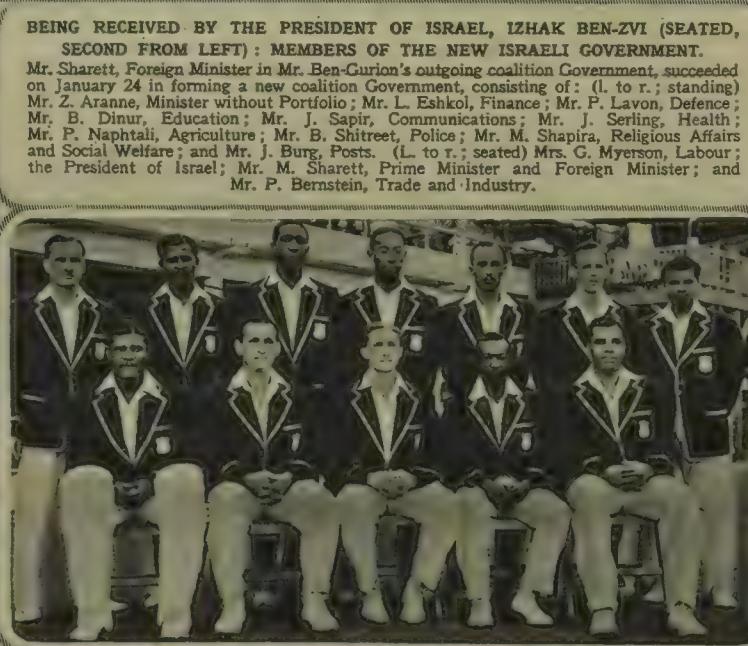
BEING RECEIVED BY THE PRESIDENT OF ISRAEL, IZHAK BEN-ZVI (SEATED, SECOND FROM LEFT) : MEMBERS OF THE NEW ISRAELI GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Sharett, Foreign Minister in Mr. Ben-Gurion's outgoing coalition Government, succeeded on January 24 in forming a new coalition Government, consisting of: (l. to r.; standing) Mr. Z. Aranne, Minister without Portfolio; Mr. L. Eshkol, Finance; Mr. P. Lavon, Defence; Mr. B. Dinur, Education; Mr. J. Sapir, Communications; Mr. J. Serling, Health; Mr. P. Naphthali, Agriculture; Mr. B. Shitreet, Police; Mr. M. Shapira, Religious Affairs and Social Welfare; and Mr. J. Burg, Posts. (l. to r.; seated) Mrs. G. Myerson, Labour; the President of Israel; Mr. M. Sharett, Prime Minister and Foreign Minister; and Mr. P. Bernstein, Trade and Industry.



CELEBRATING THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING ON FEBRUARY 10 : PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE.

Princess Alice, daughter of the first Duke of Edinburgh and granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and the Earl of Athlone, third son of the Duke of Teck and brother of her late Majesty Queen Mary, were married on February 10, 1904, and thus celebrate their golden wedding next week.



THE VICTORIOUS WEST INDIES TEAM WHICH BEAT ENGLAND IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA, BY 140 RUNS.

The West Indies gained a quite remarkable victory over England in the first Test Match, which was played at Kingston, Jamaica, from January 15 to 21, by 140 runs. England were set 457 runs to win, but on the last day a disastrous collapse set in, and England were all out for 316. The West Indies' team shown above is: (standing; l. to r.) M. Frederick, J. K. Holt, E. Kentish, A. Valentine, C. McWatt, B. Pairaudeau (substitute) and S. Ramadhin. (Sitting; l. to r.) E. Weekes, G. Gomez, J. Stollmeyer (captain), G. Headley and C. Walcott.



TELEVISION AWARD WINNERS, 1953-54 : MR. PETER CUSHING (LEFT), MISS IRENE WORTH AND MR. McDONALD HOBLEY, WITH THEIR TROPHIES.

Mr. Peter Cushing and Miss Irene Worth, winners of the *Daily Mail* National Television Awards as outstanding actor and actress of the year, and Mr. McDonald Hobley, outstanding Personality, received their trophies on January 30 at a performance televised from the Scala.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE: PERSONALITIES, PRAYERS AND GOOD WISHES.



GOOD WISHES FROM "LUCKY" SWEEPS: MR. EDEN ACKNOWLEDGING THE GREETINGS AS HE LEAVES MR. DULLES' RESIDENCE AFTER LUNCHING WITH HIM. THE MINISTERS MET PRIVATELY AS WELL AS IN SESSION.



INDICATING BERLIN'S DESIRE FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE CONFERENCE: A SERVICE OF INTERCESSION IN THE MARIENKIRCHE, EAST BERLIN.

GERMANS in East and West Berlin prayed for the success of the Four-Power Conference which opened in the former Allied Control Council Building on January 25 in the U.S. Sector, and continued this week in the Soviet High Commissioner's residence; and such episodes as the "lucky" sweeps greeting Mr. Eden illustrate the city's temper. Mr. Dulles was in the chair at the opening session. It was arranged that the chairmanship should rotate daily in the order of U.S., France, Britain and Russia; but Mr. Molotov was due to preside—out of turn—at the February 1 meeting. Cautious optimism developed at the end of the first week, as the Conference had begun to discuss Germany after Mr. Molotov, whose proposals for a Five-Power Conference were rejected, had agreed to M. Bidault's proposal for disarmament plans to be discussed in restricted session this week.

(RIGHT.)

THE OPENING OF THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE IN BERLIN ON JANUARY 25: MR. MOLOTOV, THE SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER, ABOUT TO TAKE HIS SEAT, FOLLOWED BY MR. GROMYKO.



ABOUT TO ENTER THE ALLIED CONTROL COUNCIL BUILDING: MR. MOLOTOV, SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER, AND MR. GROMYKO.



DELEGATES OF THE WESTERN POWERS: MR. ANTHONY EDEN, BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER, M. BIDAULT, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, AND MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, UNITED STATES MINISTER OF STATE. (L. TO R.)

BRITAIN IN THE ICY GRIP OF WINTER.



FRINGED WITH ICY STALACTITES: A STREAM ON KINDER SCOUT, NEAR EDALE, IN DERBYSHIRE, AS IT APPEARED AT THE END OF JANUARY.



IN LANCASHIRE, WHERE THE ICE BROUGHT DEATH TO TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE: A SCENE AT HAYDOCK, SHOWING MEN SEARCHING FOR THE BODY OF A BOY.



A SCENE TO DISCOURAGE THE HARDEST BATHER: THE FROZEN SEA BETWEEN WHITSTABLE AND HERNE BAY, IN KENT, SHOWING PACKS OF ICE ON THE BEACH.

After one of the mildest and sunniest Decembers for years winter weather set in with a vengeance during January, which ended with temperatures below freezing-point throughout most of the country. The wintry conditions intensified during the last week-end of the month, when it was estimated that three-quarters of the roads in the country were affected by snow and ice. Wild ponies were found frozen to death in the mountains of Pembrokeshire, and milk left in churns outside Exmoor farms was frozen solid. The cold weather brought tragedy to Lancashire, where twenty-one children and an adult lost their lives after falling into frozen ponds. Four brothers, whose ages ranged from nine to thirteen, were drowned while playing on a frozen pond at Platt Bridge, near Wigan.

A DRAMATIC AMSTERDAM ICE RESCUE.

The cold winds which hit Britain at the end of January also brought severe weather to many parts of the Continent. The photographs below, which were taken in Holland, show a rescue scene on one of the frozen canals in Amsterdam. A small boy fell through the ice and a policeman went to his rescue; unfortunately, he also fell into the icy water and had to call for help himself. Happily, both policeman and boy were saved. Siberian cold was reported from the Abruzzi mountains, in Italy, where the Mayor of Monteferrante, while returning home on a motor-scooter, was attacked by wolves. He finally took refuge up a tree, where he spent some chilly hours before being rescued.



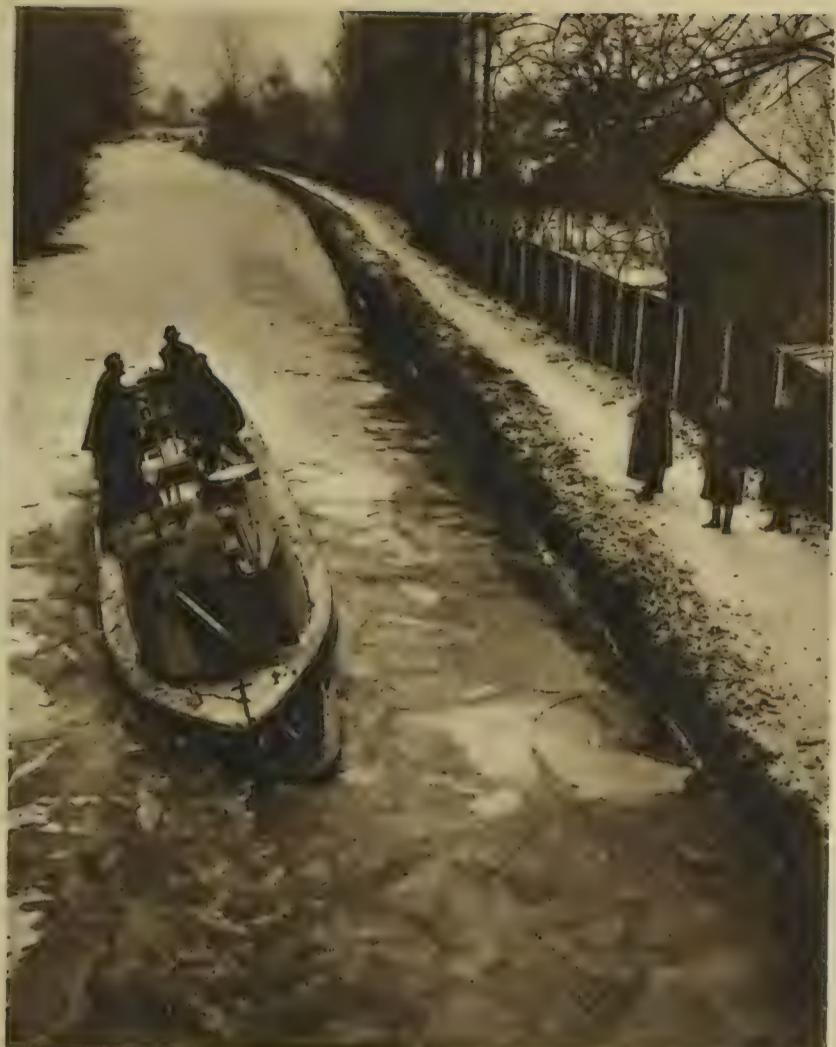
IN AMSTERDAM: A SMALL BOY (RIGHT) HAS FALLEN THROUGH THE ICE AND A POLICEMAN RESCUER (LEFT) HAS FALLEN INTO THE ICY WATER TOO.



THE RESCUER AWAITES RESCUE: THE POLICEMAN (SEE ABOVE) WHO FELL INTO THE ICY CANAL IS APPROACHED BY OTHER RESCUERS.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: THE SMALL BOY — WHOM THE POLICEMAN TRIED TO RESCUE — IS PULLED SAFELY OUT OF THE ICY WATER.



(TOP LEFT.) BREAKING THE ICE ON A FROZEN STRETCH OF THE GRAND JUNCTION CANAL AT BERKHAMSTED : AN ICEBREAKER AT WORK. (TOP RIGHT.) ROCKING THE ICEBREAKER FROM SIDE TO SIDE TO CARVE A WAY THROUGH THE ICE : A SCENE ON THE GRAND JUNCTION CANAL. (BOTTOM.) CLEARING THE ROAD TO A CUT-OFF VILLAGE IN KENT : MEN AT WORK NEAR EASTLING, WHERE THE SNOW WAS 8 TO 10 FT. DEEP IN PLACES.

"FREEZE, FREEZE, THOU BITTER SKY" : SCENES AS THE DELAYED WINTER TIGHTENED ITS HOLD ON BRITAIN.

At the time of writing the intensely cold weather is tightening its grip on the whole of Britain, and the bitter easterly wind is showing no signs of abating. From all parts of the country there are reports of frozen rivers, bad road conditions, villages cut off by snowdrifts, ice interfering with rail services, and temperatures well below freezing point by night and by day. Many people

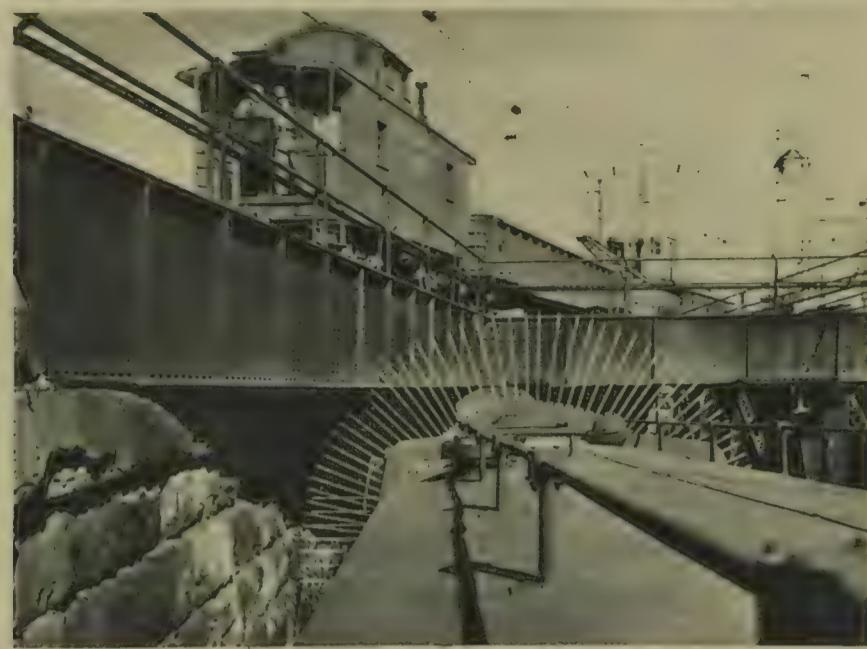
were without water, let alone hot baths, owing to frozen pipes. The Thames froze at Caversham and Reading bridges for about fifty yards, and the River Mole, between Esher and Hersham, Surrey, was covered with ice for the first time in the memory of most local people. However, so far the snowfalls have not been so frequent or so heavy as in 1947.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.



ARRIVING IN TABLE BAY, CAPE TOWN, AFTER A RECORD-BREAKING RUN FROM ENGLAND : THE LINER EDINBURGH CASTLE (28,705 TONS).

On January 17 the liner *Edinburgh Castle* arrived in Cape Town, in the teeth of a full south-easterly gale, at the end of the fastest passage ever made between Britain and the Cape. The actual running time between Plymouth and Cape Town was 11 days 13 hours 11 minutes.



BRISTLING WITH METAL FEELERS LIKE A CAT'S WHISKERS : THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD'S CLEARANCE CAR, WHICH MEASURES RAIL BRIDGES TO AN EIGHTH OF AN INCH. The Pennsylvania Railroad's clearance car is a strange-looking contraption with metal feelers. As it enters a tunnel or goes under a bridge, these 126 steel-tipped feelers are brushed back to conform to the contours of the structure, which it can measure to an eighth of an inch.



IN GERMANY : WORKMEN IN HAMBURG SAWING UP THE TRUNK OF A GIANT PEAR TREE FROM AFRICA.

Workmen in Hamburg had to saw up the trunk of a giant pear tree from Africa before it could be transported further. A special saw was required to cut up the tree, which measured over 7 ft. across.



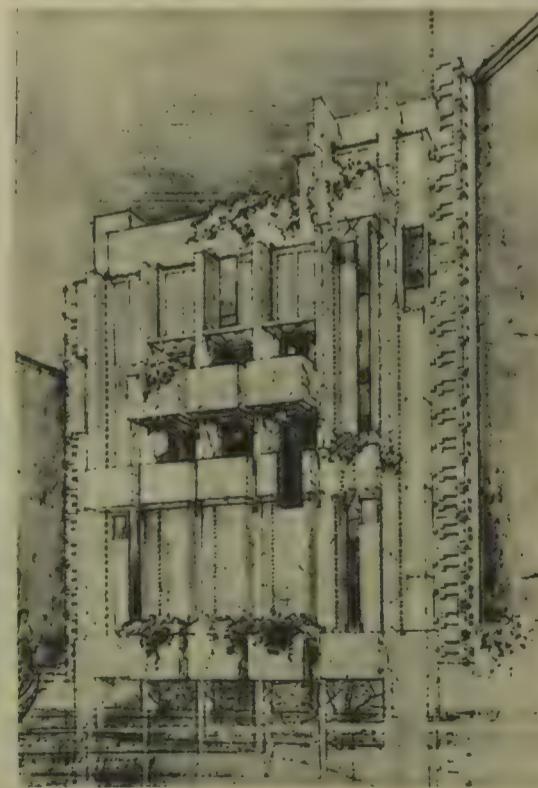
THE ONLY ONE IN LONDON : A COLD CATHODE LAMP INSTALLED EXPERIMENTALLY IN CAMBERWELL. As an experiment, Camberwell Borough Council have placed a new type of street light, known as the cold cathode lantern, on the dangerous Goose Green roundabout in Camberwell.



SAY TO BE WORTH £900,000 : A HUGE AQUAMARINE DUG UP IN BRAZIL AND NOW THE SUBJECT OF LITIGATION. This huge aquamarine, photographed in New York, is at present the subject of litigation in Brazil. It was dug up in 1945, in Espírito Santo. It is estimated that the stone will cut up into 97,000 carats.



DESIGNED BY A SCOTTISH SCULPTOR : THE NEW CIVIC MACE FOR THE CITY OF SINGAPORE SHOWING THE KNOB (LEFT), AND THE FLEURON. This beautiful Civic Mace for the City of Singapore, designed by the Scottish sculptor, Mr. C. d'O. Pilkington Jackson, and executed by Messrs. Hamilton and Inches, of which we show the knob and the fleuron, is being presented to Singapore by a citizen, Mr. Loke Wan Tho, to commemorate the granting, by King George VI., of the Charter which raised Singapore to the status of a city in 1951. The Mace, in silver, gold and enamel, incorporates some thirty motifs, the general theme of which is the city itself and its story. There are no fewer than 363 separate pieces built into the Mace, which weighs 110 ozs. It took seven months to make.



A SUBJECT OF CONTROVERSY : (LEFT) THE DESIGN BY THE U.S. ARCHITECT MR. FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT FOR A BUILDING ON THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE. (RIGHT) THE SITE AS IT IS AT PRESENT.

The design by the American architect Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright for a building on the Grand Canal at Venice was the subject of controversy when the project was announced. A number of letters about it were published in *The Times*. Our photographs show the design for the building, which is to be faced with white marble; and the present site with the small plaster-faced palazzo which the new building will displace. The tall building (right) is the Palazzo Balbi. Mr. Wright, who is eighty-four, has designed the building for the Massieri family as a memorial to their son.



MATTERS MARITIME, POLITICAL, MILITARY, AND SPORTING—IN PICTURES.



TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY FOR A SECOND GOOD-BYE: PASSENGERS IN THE MONTE URQUIOLA, WHICH (RIGHT) WAS SWEPT BY WIND AND TIDE FROM HER COURSE TO BUMP AND LIE ATHWART LONDON BRIDGE.

On January 27 the Spanish cargo vessel *Monte Urquiola* (7723 tons), pulled by two tugs, was leaving the New Fresh Wharf, en route for the Canaries, when the incoming tide and a strong wind forced her towards the far bank, where she struck a tug. Anchors were dropped, but she then drifted broadside towards London Bridge, where her bow touched a buttress before coming under control. Ten minutes later she was righted and proceeding downstream.



MR. SELWYN LLOYD (R.) AND MR. MATSUMOTO (L.), SIGNING THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TRADE AGREEMENT. On January 29 a renewal of the sterling payments agreement of 1951 was signed in London on behalf of the British and Japanese Governments by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, and Mr. Matsumoto, Japanese Ambassador in London.



TRYING OUT THE BELGIAN-DESIGNED F.N. '30-IN. RIFLE, WHICH HAS BEEN ADOPTED BY THE BRITISH ARMY: MR. WOODROW WYATT, M.P., AT THE MILL HILL DEPOT OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT ON FEBRUARY 1. On February 1 fourteen M.P.s went to the Mill Hill depot of the Middlesex Regiment to try out the Belgian-designed F.N. '30-inch rifle which, as we explained in our last issue, has now superseded the standard '303 Mark IV. rifle, and has been adopted by the Army in preference to the new British E.M.2 rifle. The Prime Minister had already tested the rifle for himself at the Army range at Kimble, on January 25. The decision to adopt this rifle has, however, been challenged by the Opposition but a motion of censure was defeated.



THE ONLY SCORE IN THE HARD-FOUGHT MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND NEW ZEALAND. G.N. DALZELL HAS JUST TOUCHED DOWN FOR A TRY, WHICH R. W. H. SCOTT CONVERTED.

Despite the hard frosts, the Rugby Union's elaborate precautions with the Twickenham pitch were completely successful, and on January 30, despite bitter cold and occasional flurries of snow, the England v. New Zealand match was played, before a huge crowd, on a ground in first-class condition. It was an

exciting game, the English backs playing well and always attacking, but the New Zealand pack were too much for the English forwards and the English backs had few chances. The only score came in the first half, when Dalzell crowned an All Black rush by scoring, and Scott converted, to make the score 5–0.



NOT long ago I made a casual reference on this page to the conditions in which the various master-potters in eighteenth-century Staffordshire scratched about for a living—all, or nearly all, close to a wholly rustic economy, and gradually building up a great industry by ruthless competition and hard work. A pot-house would flourish for a year or so, or for a decade, and would then be sold, lock, stock and barrel, kiln, debts, materials, patterns and the right to reproduce them, to a neighbour and competitor, who, in his turn, would repeat the process so that it is nearly impossible to disentangle the threads of the story. The average man was not the least bit interested in providing evidence to satisfy the curiosity of a later generation, nor, as it would appear from what follows, was he greatly bothered about records of his own activities for the benefit of his business descendants.

The distinguished archaeologists who enthrall us in these pages with their revelations of long-vanished civilisations are requested to smile kindly upon this artless little "dig," which is very small beer indeed, but none the less unearthed something of interest to students of Staffordshire. Recent rebuilding at the Spode works involved the destruction of one of the kilns and the excavation of a deep trench. In this trench were a number of fragments with a very strong and distinctive pattern in red and blue (Fig. 1). The pattern was unknown to anyone at the factory. A month or two later a little Suffolk antique shop yielded a dish of the same red and blue pattern as the fragments, and another trench unearthed a small fragment of the pattern with a pattern number 488 on it, corresponding to the number on the Suffolk dish, and showing that the production of this particular design must have been fairly extensive. Since then two other examples have come to light, one in Surrey, the other in Suffolk, and I dare say there are many more to come. After a search the design was tracked down to one of the early Spode pattern books, and can be dated about 1797. Here we return to the point made in the first sentence. Similar pieces have for various reasons been identified as New Hall, an enterprise which came to an end in 1830, and it seemed likely that when New Hall closed, the patterns would have moved next door to the Spode works. But it now seems clear that the pattern was in use many years earlier. It appears too that there was a third

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A "DIG" ON HOME GROUND.

By FRANK DAVIS.

forever being put up to auction and being purchased by other manufacturers." So much for Fig. 1, which shows the fragments from the ditch and the dish bought in the shop.

Among my many hates the ware known as Black Basalt, one of the titles to fame of the genuinely great Josiah Wedgwood, occupies a very exalted position. It appears to me to be eminently well-suited for a high-class rather Dickensian sort of morticians' tea-party (though, to be sure, if the truth

been known as the Black Bank. This little problem was solved by recent excavations, for in the foundations of an old kiln in this area a number of black basalt fragments were unearthed, proving—what apparently was not known previously—that Spode made this ware in quantity; not only tea-pots, lids, etc., but figures, for one of the fragments was part of a figure, and this supplies the only evidence of Spode having made these figures in black basalt.

Clever lighting on these black things makes them look reasonably cheerful (Figs. 2 and 3), and the quiet severity of their decoration is pleasant enough—but of all the unsuitable, lugubrious materials to accompany the tinkle of tea-cups! The coffee-pot, a perfect specimen, was found in an old china shop in the period between two of these minor digs; the decoration is clearly that of the broken tea-pot found in the excavations. This tea-pot is shown with its lid next to it—at first sight you might imagine it was the foot—as this has no knob in the centre, but a raised rim, Chinese fashion (or, I should say, one sort of Chinese fashion). The camera seems to have slightly distorted the shape of the second tea-pot, which looks circular but is described as oval. What appear to be two incomprehensible excrescences on each side of the lid are two lugs incorporated in the tea-pot verge itself to prevent the lid sliding forward when the pot was tilted—an unusual device. The shape was clearly derived from familiar silver patterns.

I am left wondering whether future excavations in the ordinary course of building at the modern Copeland-Spode factory will reveal other experiments in characteristic Wedgwood styles. Spode obviously must have made more than one figure in black basalt. Shall we learn in due course that he also made in the same material reproductions of the classical cameos which at the end of the eighteenth century were so popular among collectors? Or that he tried his highly skilful hand at his rival's jasper-ware?—lavender-blue, sage-green, and so forth. The market must have been tempting, for jasper-ware was used to decorate rooms in houses designed by the brothers Adam, it was mounted in jewellery from Birmingham, and set as medallions in furniture. I suggest the possibility with great diffidence, but there is at least this slender circumstance to make it possible. Spode began his career with Thomas Whieldon, and then, from 1762 till 1770, managed the factory belonging to John Turner. We know Turner was a rival of Wedgwood in the production of this kind of ware. It is therefore not wholly unreasonable to suggest that Spode knew all about it, and may well have produced some of it when he later became the owner of the factory.



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH A PATTERN CORRESPONDING TO FRAGMENTS FOUND IN RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT SPODE WORKS: A FINE BLACK BASALT COFFEE-POT BY SPODE. The reason why a certain part of the Spode works was known as the "Black Bank" was recently discovered by excavations at the site, for in the foundations of an old kiln in this area a number of black basalt fragments were unearthed. They are decorated with a pattern corresponding to this black basalt coffee-pot, purchased in an old china shop.

ever came out, such parties are probably very hearty jollifications, with the tea served in the gayest possible Sèvres), but there seems to be no doubt that it appealed to the dreary new rich or near-rich of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, who imagined that they were being both genteel and classical at the same moment. Anyway, there it is;



FIG. 1. PROVED TO BE SPODE BY MEANS OF THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED FRAGMENTS SHOWN BELOW: A DISH WITH A BOLD BLUE-AND-RED PATTERN IN THE CHINESE MANNER.

The bold blue-and-red pattern in the Chinese manner with which this dish is decorated was formerly attributed to New Hall; but fragments shown below it, discovered during recent excavations at the Spode works, have made it possible to identify it as a piece of Spode of about 1797. A small fragment with the pattern number 488 on it was also found corresponding to the number of the dish.



FIG. 3. FOUND RECENTLY DURING THE DEMOLITION OF AN OLD KILN AT THE SPODE WORKS: FRAGMENTS OF BLACK BASALT WARE.

These fragments found in recent excavations at the Spode works prove that Spode made black basalt ware in quantity—which apparently was not known previously. The decoration of the broken tea-pot corresponds to that on the perfect coffee-pot illustrated. The lid of the tea-pot lies next to it—"at first sight you might imagine it was the foot—as this has no knob in the centre, but a raised rim, Chinese fashion . . ."

maker of the same pattern (at present unidentified), because a different pattern number appears on known pieces. As Mr. G. E. Stringer (author of "New Hall Porcelain" 1949) wrote in a letter to the firm: "It is not safe to say that the pattern belonged to any individual and that it was copied by another, for one has to bear in mind that this trade has been remarkable for an incredible number of failures, and manufactured stocks and stock-in-trade were

some of you, sinners all, probably—no, possibly—think it is wonderful. So it is, in its peculiar fashion as a lasting memorial to the oddities of popular taste; and don't forget that the present age can produce objects that are very much nastier. The majority of old-established plants in the country are liable to be vague about their early layout, and the Spode place appears to be no exception—nor had anyone an explanation why a certain part of it had always

As to my obstinate prejudice against black basalt and the Greco-Roman fads of the period, I don't expect that to be shared by everyone. Consider, for example, the opinion of Mr. J. Barrow who, in 1804, wrote about his travels in China, and said that Chinese porcelain was "lacking in elegance and form," and was vastly inferior "to those imitable models from the Greek and Roman vases brought into modern use by the ingenious Mr. Wedgwood."



LEAVING THE RUINS OF DIEN BIEN PHU: A FRENCH UNION PATROL. THE TOWN HAS DISAPPEARED, BUT INTERLOCKING STRONG-POINTS ON SMALL HILLS GUARD THE AIRPORT.



TAKING OBSERVATIONS: THE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF A FRENCH UNION PATROL. ANY INFORMATION AS TO ENEMY WHEREABOUTS WILL BE TRANSMITTED BY RADIO.



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ENEMY AMBUSHES: SCOUTS, WHO MUST SEARCH FOR INDICATIONS BY MEANS OF A BROKEN TWIG OR THE TRACE OF A FOOTPRINT.



READY TO SUPPORT THE ADVANCE OF LIGHT INFANTRY PATROLS: MEN OF THE FRENCH UNION FORCES ARMED WITH LIGHT MACHINE-GUNS.



A FRENCH LIGHT INFANTRYMAN: HE CARRIES A CARBINE, AMMUNITION, DAGGER; AND IN THE POCKETS OF HIS CAMOUFLAGED UNIFORM GRENADES. A CAMOUFLAGE NET COVERS HIS HELMET.



COMRADES IN ARMS: A FRENCH AND A VIETNAMESE SOLDIER, MEMBERS OF A PATROL WHICH HAS JUST RETURNED AFTER COMPLETING ITS MISSION TO THE WEST OF DIEN BIEN PHU.

The expected mass attack on the strong-point of Dien Bien Phu had not, however, developed, and on January 28 it was reported that the enemy still remained out of range of the French artillery in this sector, and that their activities were confined to ambushing French patrols. Dien Bien Phu, which lies in the only expanse of level land in the whole Thai country, is the meeting-place of all roads leading south to Louang Prabang. The town has been completely destroyed, but within the perimeter powerful French Union forces are ready for the expected assault by the large concentration of Viet-Minh battle-tested troops in the encircling hills. The question of food supplies must provide the enemy commanders with a difficult problem, and at the time of writing it was thought that the Viet-Minh divisions must be either committed or dispersed very shortly.

On January 27 it was reported from Indo-China that the Viet-Minh forces were showing a renewal of activity on all fronts; and there were sharp engagements to the east of Seno and near Ninh Binh.

FRENCH UNION FORCES ROUND DIEN BIEN PHU: PATROL ACTIVITY AND AMBUSH IN INDO-CHINA.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

AFTER AMERICA.

By ALAN DENT.

WELL, at last I have seen Hollywood, where most of these films are made. It is a strange and synthetic, but by no means boring place. It is, in a way, exactly what I expected, and in another way not in the least what I expected. The over-all impression of the place—as of California, as a whole, and indeed of America, as a whole—is one of *kindness*. People give you an immediate and warming conviction that they are glad to see you and willing to help you—whether they be interested people who know who you are, or disinterested people from whom you buy a postcard or a cup of coffee.

It was mid-November when I arrived in Hollywood for a four-day stay, and perhaps the best way to give my reader the same kind of fleeting impression that I had will be to quote from a journal I kept, the more especially since it is never likely to see print in any case.

"The first thing I did on arriving at Los Angeles was to secure the English Sunday papers. England stands exactly where it did. Especially in the matter of ballet criticism. I crow and chortle on reading that 'the severe and lambent classicism of Flamenco dancing renders the character of its exponents terribly transparent . . . it was fascinating to see the men together in Zapateado.' Much Zapateado about nothing! My big hotel stands in Hollywood Boulevard, and the immediate thing to be noted in this apparently endless and utterly straight street is that, every fifty yards along the sidewalks, lofty Christmas trees of papier mâché are being busily erected in fantastically good time for Christmas.

"This seems to me, to put it mildly, silly. But I can see already that I am going to have no striking, original, or cogent views on Hollywood. I am told in my very first hour here that a film-director recently travelled all the way to Scotland to find out whether he ought to film the American-Scottish musical comedy 'Brigadoon' there or here. He came back saying: 'Scotland has nothing resembling Scotland.' Similarly I shall quit this place saying, 'Hollywood has nothing resembling Hollywood.'

On my second night I dined with a quite well-known film-star who is also quite an actor. While waiting for him and his wife in the foyer of an elaborately Hawaiian restaurant, I noted a list of forty-eight different kinds of rum which could be had on request! Still more surprising was a tag at the end from

treasures I have already heard about. It is a strange but beautifully disposed house in the Mexican style. I handle and admire weird and haunting vases and masks and things from Mexico and Costa Rica and



"THE PLEASANTEST THING THAT HAPPENED HERE [PARAMOUNT STUDIOS IN HOLLYWOOD]—APART FROM A REUNION WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN THE SHAPE OF MR. DANNY KAYE—WAS A FIRST MEETING WITH MISS AUDREY HEPBURN, JUST ABOUT TO START WORK ON A FILM CALLED 'SABRINA FAIR'"; MR. ALAN DENT, OUR FILM CRITIC, WITH MISS HEPBURN. MR. DENT SAYS: "I HAD JUST BEEN PRESENTED TO THIS TWINKLING NEW STAR WHEN A PHOTOGRAPHER APPEARED FROM NOWHERE AND CAUGHT HER LOOKING POISED AND ME LOOKING SCARED OUT OF MY WITS."

North-West America and Benin, and note (as a mere sort of sideline in a lobby) drawings by Modigliani and Matisse and Guys and Guercino."

My host assured me—and I don't need much assuring—that not absolutely all film-stars are collectors of this sort. The more usual sort of collection is a series of more or less execrable portraits of the collector himself or herself at every phase and turn of his or her career. But there are, of course, tasteful exceptions. My only other host—or at least private host—in Hollywood was a distinguished film-director whose house impressed me with its great elegance and subdued splendour. Even his swimming-pool was unobtrusive. There was but one picture in each room of the house, though a Renoir of a little girl with an umbrella had an understandable pride of place. But a back staircase which one came across almost by accident was lined with drawings by Forain, Picasso, Augustus John and the like.

On the sheer, huge size of Los Angeles I find I have made this note: "After all it is not so very much bigger than London that it claims to be, in area, perhaps even it is not so big. It is, after all, quite

a way from Tottenham to Tooting, and from Ealing to East Ham. Both cities, of course, are far too big. There is certainly something almost alarming in the asseverated fact that the population of Los Angeles—which I have just heard described as

'six suburbs in search of a city'—is growing at the rate of 1000 per day."

On my last day in Hollywood I obeyed a call to go and see round Paramount Studios. The call was characteristically kindly and without ceremony: "Howdy and all that—call a cab and come and see us!" The pleasantest thing that happened here—apart from a reunion with an old acquaintance in the shape of Mr. Danny Kaye—was a first meeting with Miss Audrey Hepburn, just about to start work on a film called "Sabrina Fair." I had just been presented to this twinkling new star when a photographer appeared from nowhere and caught her looking poised and me looking scared almost out of my wits.

Miss Hepburn will go far. In no time I found myself enjoying my little chat with her, though her radiant youthfulness made me feel my age, and I had to check a roguish tendency in her to address me as "Uncle Jock." I reminded her—and she gladly remembered—how she won an unexpected round of applause, the very first in her career, by simply crossing the stage in a mannequin parade in a revue in London some four years ago. So much prettiness and sheer *joie de vivre* she had and has! Her name was not even in the programme then. It is in every newspaper now. She told me she had already done too much moving about, and was, anyhow, nowadays far too busy, ever to feel homesick. And when I told her she looked "unspoilable" she exclaimed, with her enchanting little smile: "That's a good word—I shall try to remember it!"

As for Mr. Kaye, he is very much the mercurial gnome I found him at our only other meeting—at the tail-end of his triumphant first season at the London Palladium, an occasion which made music-hall history. He is one-third Pan, one-third Ariel, and one-third just a film-star who would just as soon, or perhaps rather, be on the stage. I ventured to suggest to him that he ought to make his return to London in a full-length musical show which he ought to commission from Frank Loesser, who wrote "Guys and Dolls" and also the score of Mr. Kaye's own film, "Hans Christian Andersen." But both Mr. Kaye and his manager, who was present, said that this was not practically possible. It appears to be one of the disadvantages of being a prosperous and capital film-star that one just cannot afford—or somehow cannot be allowed—to entertain such ideal ideas. For myself I was unconvinced, but I changed the subject to that of dialects and phonetics on which, as goes without saying, Mr. Kaye is a sublime exponent and an all but absolutely infallible authority.

So now, I suppose, I must desist from being avuncular with film-stars and resume the business



A FILM WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF TWELVE HOURS IN THE LIFE OF A NEWS EDITOR: "FRONT PAGE STORY" (BRITISH LION), SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH MRS. THORPE (EVA BARTOK), AFTER HER ACQUITTAL ON A MURDER CHARGE AT THE OLD BAILEY, HAS ASKED THE POLICE CAR TO DROP HER IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE. SHE IS UNAWARE THAT SHE IS BEING TAILED BY TWO MEMBERS OF "THE DAILY WORLD" STAFF, WHO WANT HER EXCLUSIVE STORY.

Lord Byron on the solaces of rum and true religion. "I dissuade my nice hosts from dragging me to a film—since I am resting from film-going—and persuade them instead to let me go back to their residence whose



MOST OF THE ACTION OF THIS FILM IS SET IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE: "FRONT PAGE STORY," SHOWING NEWS EDITOR GRANT (JACK HAWKINS), WHO HAS BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH A REBELLIOUS REPORTER, KENNEDY (MICHAEL GOODLiffe), WHO IS UNAWARE THAT GRANT HAS JUST RECEIVED NEWS THAT HIS WIFE'S NAME IS ON THE PASSENGER LIST OF A CRASHED AIRCRAFT.

of being magisterial about the films they make and appear in. It has, all the same, been a wondrously pleasant break and tonic and recuperation and refresher-course; and the advantages of it all will—let me assure my dear reader—appear in various ways by and by.

WHITWORTH ART GALLERY WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS: NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON.



"HAMPTON COURT FERRY"; BY SIR JAMES THORNHILL (1675-1734). INSCRIBED "CLAREMONT AT A DISTANCE. A VIEW OF H. COURT FERRY FROM MY LODGINGS APR. 20, 1731." (11 by 18½ ins.)



"HOUSES AND WHERRIES ON THE YARE"; BY JOHN CROME (1768-1821). ONE OF THE WHITWORTH ART GALLERY WATER-COLOURS ON VIEW AT AGNEW'S. (11½ by 15½ ins.)

AN exhibition of 120 water-colour drawings of the British School from the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester, was due to open at Agnew's New Bond Street Galleries on February 2 (admission 2s.; catalogues 1s. 6d.) in aid of the funds of the Whitworth Gallery. This selection from their collection of over 1600 British drawings (which includes sixty-eight Turners, and a number of works by such men as Girtin, Alexander and J. R. Cozens, Blake and Cox) contains examples of the art of these well-known artists, and also a number of accomplished drawings by lesser men. The Whitworth Art Gallery owes its foundation to a bequest by Sir Joseph

(Continued below, right.)



(RIGHT.) "THE BAY OF NAPLES"; BY FRANCIS TOWNE (1740-1816). SIGNED AND DATED 1785. PURCHASED BY THE COMMITTEE IN 1927. (15½ by 34½ ins.)



Continued.
Whitworth, who died in 1887. In 1893, largely through the mediation of Sir William Agnew, Mr. John Edward Taylor presented 140 British water-colours, which became the basis of the Gallery's main collection, and its chief claim to distinction. In order to make the collection thoroughly representative, the Council has added a number of drawings by less well-known artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as well as a carefully selected group by contemporary painters and draughtsmen; and there have been numerous gifts and bequests. Owing, however, to the heavy rise in prices, its pre-war income is now insufficient; and it is hoped to raise a considerable sum by means of the current exhibition, generously arranged by Messrs. Agnew.

(LEFT.) "TWICKENHAM ON THE THAMES"; BY SAMUEL SCOTT (1710-1772). PRESENTED TO THE WHITWORTH GALLERY BY MR. J. E. TAYLOR IN 1892. (10½ by 18½ ins.)



"ROUEN"; BY THOMAS SHOTTER BOYS (1803-1874). BOUGHT IN 1905 AS ONE OF THE WORKS BY LESS WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS TO COMPLETE THE COLLECTION. (12½ by 18½ ins.)



"GREENWICH HOSPITAL"; BY EDWARD DAYES (1763-1804). SIGNED AND DATED 1789. PRESENTED BY MR. JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR IN 1892. (16½ by 23½ ins.)

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

KING, QUEEN, KNAVE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

EDWARD THE SECOND has not been one of our historians' favourite kings, and he is certainly no favourite of the dramatists. True, there is Marlowe's ultimately affecting chronicle of a vain, weak man, crushed among the barons and brought to that terrible end at Berkeley; but, in performance, Edward has always been shadowed by his own descendant, Richard the Second, who in Shakespeare's play has several resemblances to his great-grandfather.

Further, on the modern stage we have had "Gordon Daviot's" immensely successful "Richard of Bordeaux." Nobody until now has done any comparable service for Edward of Carnarvon, though Hugh Ross Williamson's "Rose and Glove," at the Westminster Theatre twenty years ago, is, I hope, by no means forgotten.

All the way to Nottingham, where the Playhouse cast (boldly and rightly) has just presented "Carnival King," by the poet Henry Treece, I was remembering two passages written within a few years of each other: the lament of Marlowe's Edward:

But what are kings when regiment
is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine
day?

echoed oddly by Shakespeare's Richard as he yielded crown and sceptre:

God save King Henry, unking'd
Richard says,
And send him many years of
sunshine days.

The plays tell "sad stories of the death of kings." Both Edward and Richard compel our sympathy at the last—"Edward, my heart relents for thee," says the contrite Kent in Marlowe's play—but Richard is the subtler part, the more rewarding for an actor, especially if he adopts the reading (elaborated by C. E. Montague in his famous essay on the Benson Richard) of the artist-King, the man of exquisite sensibility in love with grief.

In "Richard of Bordeaux" the dramatist who wrote as "Gordon Daviot" took a more directly romantic course. Her chronicle-play, inclined to be

Mr. Treece, we gather, feels that Marlowe was not wholly fair to Edward. His own Edward is now described, in effect, as "not a bad King in his way . . . not cut out for the job, that's all." But there is no disastrous slopping on of whitewash. We may say of this portrait that if nothing is extenuated, nothing is set down in malice. The trouble is that, in the theatre, it is hard to resolve Edward's contradictions,

than shed a tear"). Mr. Treece would now have us believe that, even at the last when, with the instrument of abdication, she comes to Edward, in his prison at Kenilworth on that frozen Christmas night loud with bells, one word from him would make her fall from Mortimer and escape to France with her husband. It is not to be, for Edward is obdurate, and always present is his memory of Piers Gaveston, the courtier of the mignonette-and-gilly-flower. Irony there: earlier in the play we saw how Gaveston, with the barons closing about Edward in Yorkshire, was prepared to leave his friend and to accept a baronial bait of safe-conduct to France (faint hope indeed of that at a day when so many pledges were worth a puff of dust).

In "Carnival King" we see no more of Isabella after the abdication is signed and the King is borne, from dungeon to dungeon, to his end. All we are told in an epilogue that, maybe, Mr. Treece will reshape when the play is revived is that, with her son on the throne and her loved Mortimer beheaded, she has gone to voluntary exile. Isabella, woman of tingling intelligence who hates as passionately as she loves, is fully alive: Miss Slater is the actress for her. She, Mr. Eddison, and the Mortimer (Colin Trevor) make a good deal of that theatrical tangle in the early scenes. The part could be developed still further if Isabella had a scene with Gaveston.

Mr. Treece uses, as a kind of chorus, a pair of cheerfully anachronistic soldiers, amusingly acted by Duncan Ross and John W. Wayne. Throughout, the piece is firmly done. It is by no means faultless (thus

Edward, when clear-sighted in extremity, speaks with the accents of a modern poet), but it does excite; there is a mind behind it, and—this is vitally important—it is just the sort of new play that a first-class repertory theatre, as Nottingham's is, under John Harrison, should attempt. Mr. Harrison, it is clear, has the right outlook.

King, Queen . . . what of the Knave? One finds the answer now in the solution of a problem posed by



"IN SHORT, THIS IS JUST ANOTHER CAPABLE MURDER-PLAY, CAPABLY ACTED, THAT WILL SERVE ITS PURPOSE . . . AND FOR THOSE IN THE MOOD FOR A GUESSING-GAME HERE IS THE MATERIAL": "NO OTHER VERDICT" (DUCHESS), A SCENE FROM JACK ROFFEY'S PLAY, SHOWING (L. TO R.) A LAND GIRL (BENEDICTA LEIGH), JOANNA WINTER (BARBARA MURRAY), PAUL BARCLAY (RICHARD LEACH), SUSAN BARCLAY (ELSIE RANDOLPH), INSPECTOR HARRIS (ROBERT RAGLAN) AND SUPERINTENDENT WILDING (JOHN ARNATT).

explain his capriciousness, queer instability. Still, at Nottingham, Robert Eddison—who should be back in the West End—expresses as well, I think, as any actor could, Edward's petulance and weakness, his fatal affection for Piers Gaveston, his flashes of Plantagenet kingliness, his sudden charm, his stubborn refusal to soften to Isabella, and the pathos of his fall.

Yet, though it must be Edward's play—no question of what Tamburlaine called "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown"—his Queen first takes the mind. Clearly, Mr. Treece has found Isabella the Fair an absorbing study; he has in Daphne Slater an actress able to explore every cranny of the part. (The last part I saw her in at Nottingham was that of the Boy David. She has been Rosalind and Ibsen's Nora: a wide range here.) Edward's Queen, the Frenchwoman Isabella, lives in English verse as the "she-wolf" of Gray's Bard—

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs, that tearst the bowels of thy mangled mate"—and it has been said of her, by some angry male historian, that she possessed "every feminine vice—malice, cruelty, spite and arrogance—with not a feminine virtue to save her." Historically, no doubt, there is little on her side, but "Carnival King" does not pretend to be history: we can approach it only as a free theatrical chronicle. Isabella, as Mr. Treece sees her, needs Edward's love. Capable of true affection, she is hurt bitterly by the King's entanglement with Gaveston, summarised by Marlowe in the speech:

For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dothes upon the love of Gaveston:
He clasps his cheeks, and hangs about
his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And, when I come, he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

Heart-sick, she turns to Mortimer, and, according to Marlowe, when Edward scorns her again, she becomes the vengeful fury ("her eyes will sooner sparkle fire



"IN STAGING THIS CHRONICLE, DETAILED IMAGINATIVELY BY THE POET HENRY TREECE, NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE FULFILS A FUNCTION OF EVERY FIRST-CLASS REPERTORY THEATRE—to air a good new play": "CARNIVAL KING," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH EDWARD II. (ROBERT EDDISON) IS IN HIS TENT WITH HUGH LE DESPENSER (JULIAN SOMERS); EDMUND, DUKE OF KENT (MICHAEL BARRINGTON) IS VISITED BY A STRANGE MONK (GRAHAM CROWDEN), WHO FORETELLS IN STRANGE RIDDLES THE MISTAKES THAT EDWARD WILL MAKE.

prettified, was always sensible and did not dally in Wardour Street. "Carnival King" goes into the same school; I find it, on the whole, a more plausible play than "Richard." Henry Treece does not always wear the velvet glove; often his hand is gauntletted. Here is the violence of Edward's age; if it can be almost too violent at times, that is an understandable fault and one that can be corrected when the play reappears—as it ought to reappear.

Let me say at once that this production is exactly the kind of adventure that a first-class repertory theatre should undertake. We have come to expect a lot from the Nottingham Playhouse, under John Harrison. The city can be proud of this director's work. It took imagination and courage to put on "Carnival King." Mr. Harrison, thank goodness, has both.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NO OTHER VERDICT" (Duchess)—Another body is lying about; once more we are on a jury. There is only one official suspect, but we can take our pick from the cast, though Jack Roffey, the dramatist, does not deal too exuberantly in red herrings. In short, this is just another capable murder-play, capably acted, that will serve its purpose. We may not hear much more of it after its run, but it is with us now as an evening in the accepted style, and for those in the mood for a guessing-game here is the material. (January 21.)

"FIDELIO" (Covent Garden)—An accomplished Beethoven revival, conducted by Clemens Krauss. (January 23.)

"CARNIVAL KING" (Nottingham Playhouse).—The King is Edward the Second; and in staging this chronicle, detailed imaginatively by the poet Henry Treece, Nottingham Playhouse fulfills a function of every first-class repertory theatre: to air a good new play. With John Harrison to produce, Robert Eddison as the King, and Daphne Slater to treat with her uncommon art Treece's idea of Isabella the Queen, this is an occasion for memory. (January 25.)



"WITH JOHN HARRISON TO PRODUCE, ROBERT EDDISON AS THE KING, AND DAPHNE SLATER TO TREAT WITH HER UNCOMMON ART TREECE'S IDEA OF ISABELLA THE QUEEN, THIS IS AN OCCASION FOR MEMORY": "CARNIVAL KING" (NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE), SHOWING EDWARD (ROBERT EDDISON) WITH HIS QUEEN (DAPHNE SLATER).

Jack Roffey at the Duchess Theatre in a drama entitled "No Other Verdict." It is a puzzle-play and a competent example, acted with suitable spirit. There is a body outside an old Mill House in Buckinghamshire. And to our surprise there is, at times, a murder-trial behind an unrolled tapestry in the corner. This is a "utility" piece about which there is little to say, both because it is dangerous to say anything (murder must out, but not in a review), and also because there is not much for comment. I shall remember best the alert performance of a manservant by Charles Lloyd Pack—who is always worth seeing, whatever the part—and a two-minute sketch by a young actress, Benedicta Leigh, as a land girl. It will be pleasant to see her again. But—to end at the beginning—let us certainly meet "Carnival King" again, revised maybe, but, at any rate, with the names of Eddison, Slater and Harrison still upon its programme.



"OH, YOU WICKED, WICKED LITTLE THING!" : ALICE (CAROL MARSH) LOVINGLY REPROACHES THE KITTEN WHICH HAS TANGLED UP HER BALL OF WORSTED.



WATCHING THE FIGHT : HAIGHA (WALTER CRISHAM—LEFT) AND HATTA (TIMOTHY FORBES ADAM), WHO IS ONLY JUST OUT OF PRISON, IS FINISHING HIS TEA.



"WE CAN TALK," SAID THE TIGER LILY : "WHEN THERE'S ANYBODY WORTH TALKING TO": WALTER CRISHAM AS TIGER LILY.



IN THE DARK WOOD : THE WHITE QUEEN (MARGARET RUTHERFORD) INVITES ALICE (CAROL MARSH) TO WALTZ WITH HER UNDER THE TREES.



"THE LION AND THE UNICORN WERE FIGHTING FOR THE CROWN": THE LION (ANNE LASCELLES) AND THE UNICORN (JOYCE GRAEME).



"DOWN THE HILL AND OVER THAT LITTLE BROOK, AND THEN YOU'LL BE A QUEEN": THE WHITE KNIGHT (MICHAEL DENISON) AND ALICE.



"DO WAKE UP, YOU HEAVY THINGS!" : ALICE WITH THE RED QUEEN (BINNIE HALE), THE WHITE QUEEN (MARGARET RUTHERFORD), THE WHITE KNIGHT AND THE RED KNIGHT.



PLAYING CAT'S CRADLE : THE WHITE QUEEN (MARGARET RUTHERFORD—LEFT) ACCUSES THE RED QUEEN (BINNIE HALE) OF MAKING HER FEEL QUITE GIDDY.

ALICE RE-LIVES HER ADVENTURES "THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS" ON THE LONDON STAGE : A NEW PRODUCTION.

A brilliant company will be appearing in a production of "Through the Looking-Glass," which starts a six-week season at the Princes Theatre, London, on February 9. This enchanting version of Lewis Carroll's immortal story is by Felicity Douglas, and is presented by Ralph Birch; it has already had a five-week season at Brighton. The part of Alice will be played by Carol Marsh; Margaret Rutherford will be the White Queen and Binnie Hale the Red Queen. Michael Denison has four parts, which will include Humpty Dumpty and Tweedle-dee;

while Griffith Jones will be both the Red Knight and Tweedledum; Walter Crisham, the Tiger Lily and the Horse; and Stringer Davies the White King. The play is directed by Toby Robertson, and the music is by David King. The ingenious and colourful settings and costumes are the work of Kenneth Rowell. Alice's adventures—"A tale begun in other days, When summer suns were glowing"—will doubtless bring much pleasure to all those who will see them re-lived on the stage at the Princes Theatre.

Photographs by Courtesy of "The Sketch"

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week is eminently satisfying at every point. First, it is homogeneous to look at; the novels get together of themselves, and can be stamped inclusively: Arms and the Man. Second, they could not possibly be more unlike. And to conclude, each has unusual brilliance. Really, it is a perfect set-up; though I must add, one of the stories will rub a lot of people the wrong way.

Namely, the briefest and most specialised, "A Song of a Shirt," by Christopher Sykes (Derek Verschoyle; 10s. 6d.), which is an anecdote of World War II. Here, all the elemental issues are as smooth as cream. In fact, they just don't show; no one is either horrified or scared. Half-way, a General of blood and fire raises a parachute division; and the narrator joins him to "seek glory," and has a thoroughly good time. This we may take as common form. But it is only a noise off; it happens out in front, and we are back-stage with the impresarios—the little temporary Caesars and their hangers-on. The scene opens in Cairo, since Cairo, just then, is the place to be. "Matron," an English rose who runs a pension for officers, has had a new and formidable intake. Her regulars were public school; General Bob Crust and his staff are men of family. Crust, that "magnificent red rat," and fine flower of the old régime, is to clean up a scandalous department after a major purge. It has been heavily reduced in scope, and the narrator, always about and always ultimately in the know, sees him as too big for the job. But Crust is waiting on events. So is John Gittle, who contrived the purge, came into half the power and wanted all of it. Meanwhile, their policy is to chum up. And they are *tête-à-tête* in Gittle's office when Harry Leighton so disgustingly appears, clutching the envelope from Singapore. Harry has had a bad time and a nightmare voyage, including four days on a raft; but there was no need to present himself as the "last man." However, he is that kind of lunatic. And he is not just maggoty and reeking; he is Crust's "body," and has reported in the rival camp.

But the unspeakable is yet to come. Of course the Generals gang up on him. When he walks out, he has called one of them a bastard, and—inadvertently—spat in the other's face. It is as if he walked out with the plague. From that abysmal hour, though he is not cashiered, as Crust so ragingly demanded, he is Crust-absorbed. And being a Kafka maniac, he plans a literary, deep revenge. Vainly does the narrator pull his sleeve, and pester him with second chances; he is no longer of this world. Yet he has left his mark—first on the Gittle-Crust *entente*, and then, through Gittle's downfall and resurgence, on the war in Europe.

Wheels within wheels, the shades and elements of fashion, its mysterious sway—it is good fun up to a point; but it is also over-subtilised and tiresome. If one has not a touch of the disease.... Certainly the narrator has a touch; that is what some people won't like. But he makes up for it with Harry, who is superbly free, and with his gifts of comedy and style.

OTHER FICTION.

"A Share of the World," by Hugo Charteris (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is at the very opposite extreme. It is conspicuously a début. It is the work of a real novelist, not of a cultured essayist in fiction. It is long, luminous and heartfelt. It is ill brought-off—frankly, a failure in the end. But the whole road to failure has a deep excitement.

Unluckily, without the detail it may sound banal. We have had many John Grants in the past—hapless, aspiring introverts, dreaming Napoleonic dreams, and, at each trivial encounter with the real world, checked like a rabbit by a stoat. This John is an exceedingly bad case; he "had a camera two years before changing the film himself." And he has now been dumped down in the fighting-line. The first half of the book is a minute description of his war—a two-days' war, summed up and consummated in a night patrol. He has to learn if the white farm is occupied. The only way is to go in.... But he can't see himself going in. So he can't do it, but he must.... At every step, he is revolving some time when he couldn't, some time that says he never will. And yet it *must* be possible to change. John's war incentive, indeed his life incentive, is to change. And he has taken Bright along—Bright, the bad soldier, the contented funk, smiling his quiet smile of affinity....

After the war, he picks another liberating ordeal. This time it is Jane Matlock; clearly, Jane's husband would be someone else. But he is still Bright-haunted; failure has raised a white house of confession, and he can't go in. The structure patently won't do; and though the theme is radical and gripping, it is unresolved. But the imagination, drama and creative power are something quite out of the way.

On "Hornblower and the Atropos," by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.), it would be idle to enlarge. Our brilliant, melancholy man of action is the same again, and his exploits never give out. Here he is captain of a sloop; he is engaged in steering a canal boat to his new command, conducting Nelson's body up the Thames, taking a bad cold to a Royal levée, licking an exiled ruler into shape, diving for sunken coin in the Levant under the Turkish guns—with other snacks and snippets of adventure. His thousand perils and undefeatable resource make John Grant and his camera, and the white house he couldn't enter, look extremely queer. If only, now and then, he were allowed a short reprieve, a little joy of his own triumphs! What between self-torturing and foreboding, and domestic dreariness, and the incessant bludgeonings of fate, no paladin could have a bleaker life. Of course, the theory is obvious; but the effect is sad.

"Detection Unlimited," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), offers the usual first-class entertainment. As Chief Inspector Hemingway remarks: "It isn't every day you get a murder amongst a lot of nice, respectable people living in a country village"—and though it happens rather oftener in fiction, there is nothing like it. The village life and dialogue—and that includes the police—have an unrivalled gaiety and charm.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A MEDIÆVAL HISTORIAN.

If one were asked to name the English Cardinals during the past hundred years who have not been Cardinal-Archbishops of Westminster, one would at once mention Newman, but there, I believe, most of us would stop. Sir Shane Leslie's new biography, "Cardinal Gasquet" (Burns Oates; 21s.), comes as a timely reminder of the monk of Downside, Abbot-President of the English Benedictine Congregation, who was a great but controversial historian, and played a prominent part in the preparatory work leading up to the publication of Leo XIII.'s Bull *Apostolicæ Curae*, "condemning" Anglican Orders. After the death of Cardinal Vaughan in 1903, Gasquet was, in fact, very nearly appointed to Westminster, and one of Sir Shane's most interesting chapters is devoted to the vexed question of the influences which finally induced Rome to select Bishop Bourne. In May 1914, Gasquet was created a Cardinal, and was therefore bound thenceforward to live in Rome, as is the custom for all Cardinals who are not Archbishops or Bishops of Sees—it was only by special dispensation, largely in view of his age, that Cardinal Newman was permitted to continue to reside in England after receiving the Red Hat. Gasquet's elevation was a fortunate event for England, because he was able to exercise an important influence on the Vatican in favour of the Allies, the Central Powers at that time having a preponderant number of representatives in the Sacred College and being in a strong diplomatic position. Sir Shane describes Gasquet as "John Bull's other Cardinal," and the phrase is appropriate and happy.

As a medieval historian, Gasquet was repeatedly challenged by the late Dr. G. G. Coulton, whose controversial methods were persistent and violent. It is difficult to write temperately about such a quarrel, since it involves religious partisanship as well as accuracy in scholarship, but Sir Shane maintains a notable objectivity. He is right, I am sure, in suggesting that "neither Gasquet nor Coulton seemed to realise the Middle Ages in their own light and atmosphere. Both judged Mediævalism against a Victorian background." He is right, too, in pointing out that Coulton's real grievance was a personal one, since Gasquet ignored him, and refused any reply to his criticisms; but it seems to me that more might have been made of the fact, which all Catholic historians now admit, that in some of the specific points of the controversy Coulton was undoubtedly right.

The question of Anglican Orders is another dispute which calls for tactful handling; Sir Shane has had some tricky skating to do over some very thin ice. Here, I fancy, that he is not altogether fair to the great Lord Halifax, as when he writes: "The enfant terrible of the time was the charming and irresponsible Lord Halifax, half a saint and wholly a busybody," but he sums up the whole affair in what was to me a new and interesting light: "The Pope left the old condition of things as Cranmer and Pole between them had left them three centuries before. The last thing he did was to insult the Church of England, to which he yearned with unrestricted love. It cannot be said that he denied Anglican Orders as such. He only laid down that they were different from Roman Orders. Purely as Anglican Orders they were not null and void. They were perfectly valid *qua* Anglican, but they were not Roman and they did not confer the power of Transubstantiation." Some may think that the ice cracks a little here and there, but all must admire Sir Shane's fine performance.

"A Writer's Diary," by Virginia Woolf (Hogarth Press; 18s.), is one of those books that one longs to read aloud, or else to quote almost *in extenso*. The extracts, made by Mr. Leonard Woolf, cover most of the passages in the diaries which refer to her own work. Nothing but her own style will do to describe Virginia Woolf's unapproachable gift of language: "Tuesday, April 24th. A lovely soaring summer day; winter sent howling home to his arctic. I was reading *Othello* last night and was impressed by the volley and volume and tumble of his words; too many, I should say, were I reviewing for the *Times*. He put them in when tension was slack. In the great scenes, everything fits like a glove. The mind tumbles and splashes among words when it is not being urged on; I mean, the mind of a very great master of words who is writing with one hand. He abounds. The lesser writers stint. As usual, impressed by Shakespeare. But my mind is very bare to words—English words—at the moment; they hit me, hard, I watch them bounce and spring." One may be driven mad by this style—I have known such unhappy persons—but one cannot remain indifferent to it. It holds me in a kind of light but pleasurable hypnosis.

Mr. J. C. Trewin is to be thanked once more for editing "Plays of the Year," Volume 8 (Elek Books; 18s.). This year his selection includes "Dear Charles," by Alan Melville; "Affairs of State," by Louis Verneuil; "Murder Mistaken," by Janet Green; "For Better, For Worse," by Arthur Watkin; "The Waltz of the Toreadors," by Jean Anouilh, adapted by Lucienne Hill. The first four have been staged in London, and I do not feel rash enough to usurp Mr. Trewin's own

function in these pages, or to inflict my personal preferences upon theatre-going readers, who have already made up their minds about the quality of these pieces. I agree with Mr. Trewin that Anouilh is an acquired taste (like aniseette, to which his name bears such an unfortunate superficial resemblance), and I must confess that modern French literature defeats me. But how enjoyable plays are to read, and what a mistake it is to lay the book aside between the acts! There is happily no need, as you sit in your armchair by the fire, to wander into the foyer for a drink or a cigarette, should you require their stimulus.

The full tale of the Year Books is not yet complete. I have before me the "Photography Year Book, 1954" (Photography; 21s.) and "Photograms of the Year, 1954" (Illié & Sons, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.). The title of the latter alarmed me somewhat—when is a photograph not a photograph?—but I was soon lost in the fascination of these excellent reproductions of the photographic exhibitor's art. The former aims at providing "an international exhibition in permanent form" of masterpieces of photography, and is brilliantly successful.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



White to play and mate in three moves.

THE diagrammed position, a problem by G. Legentil, was the subject of a comic coincidence recently. The editor of a French newspaper chess column decided to publish it, inviting solutions from his readers. He was surprised to find that they one and all sent in the solution as Kt-K4, though the composer's solution was Kt-R1.

He checked his diagram and found it had been correctly printed: found, moreover, that, though the intended solution Kt-R1 worked, the solution Kt-K4 sent in by all his solvers would not work at all.

I don't know the French for "gremlin." Indeed, I am not at all sure that gremlins have not been superseded by now, as they superseded poltergeists; but I should have liked to hear what this poor chess editor muttered to himself at this juncture, for it would assuredly have enriched my vocabulary with the most crashingly up-to-date French equivalent of "What the ***?!" and thoughts of the supernatural must surely have occurred to him.

Suddenly the situation clarified a little. It is his habit to repeat the positions of the men in text-form under the diagram, as a check on the accuracy of the latter, and here was just a clue: he had erroneously indicated the white king as being on Q3 instead of on Q4.

Further investigation revealed the amazing fact that placing the king on Q3 instead of Q4 produced an entirely different problem, with a different key move and different variations—and a problem which was perfectly sound! How truly astounding this is, only a composer could truly comprehend who has spent weeks trying to make a problem work, or trying to eliminate an unintended second solution.

The solutions: with the position diagrammed:

- i. Kt-R1! If i. ... K-B5; 2. Q-K6, etc. If i. ... K-Kt5; 2. Q-R7. With white king on Q3: i. Kt-K4, K-K4; 2. Q-KB6ch. If i. ... K-B5 or i. ... K-Kt5; 2. Q×Pch.

levée, licking an exiled ruler into shape, diving for sunken coin in the Levant under the Turkish guns—with other snacks and snippets of adventure. His thousand perils and undefeatable resource make John Grant and his camera, and the white house he couldn't enter, look extremely queer. If only, now and then, he were allowed a short reprieve, a little joy of his own triumphs! What between self-torturing and foreboding, and domestic dreariness, and the incessant bludgeonings of fate, no paladin could have a bleaker life. Of course, the theory is obvious; but the effect is sad.

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"ROUTE DE LOUVECIENNES"; BY CAMILLE PISSARRO (1830-1903), c. 1870. INSCRIBED C. PISSARRO. ONE OF THE 38 WORKS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE HON. MRS. A. E. PLEYDELL-BOUVIERE LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT THE TATE GALLERY. (Canvas; 15 by 18 ins.)



"FEMME DANS UN ATELIER" (WOMAN IN A STUDIO); BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931), A BEAUTIFUL WORK IN THE PLEYDELL-BOUVIERE COLLECTION. (Canvas; 10½ by 14 ins.)



"VUE D'ORNANS ET SON CLOCHER" (VIEW OF ORNANS AND ITS CHURCH STEEPLE); BY GUSTAVE COURBET (1819-1877), c. 1858. ORNANS, BIRTHPLACE OF THE PAINTER, IS IN THE DOUBS VALLEY. (Canvas; 19½ by 24 ins.)

THE PLEYDELL-BOUVIERE COLLECTION: FINE WORKS ON VIEW AT THE TATE.



"DANSEUSE RATTACHANT SON CHAUSSON" (DANCER TYING HER SLIPPER); BY JEAN-LOUIS FORAIN (1852-1931). INSCRIBED "A EMMA R" (SURNAME ILLEGIBLE). (Panel; 10½ by 8½ ins.)

ALTHOUGH from time to time exhibitions of works from private collections have been arranged at various public galleries, an exhibition of a single private collection is rare. Thus the display of the fine collection of nineteenth-century French paintings most generously lent by the Hon. Mrs. A. E. Pleydell-Bouverie should on no account be missed. It opened at the Tate Gallery last week and will continue until April 25. In the foreword to the catalogue, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees expresses his deep gratitude to Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie for having lent her pictures, and points out that "The charm of such collections lies partly in their exceedingly personal and informal character." In his introduction to the catalogue, Sir John Rothenstein writes that in the course of years changes have been made in the collection, but the purpose of such changes has always been to improve it.



"REPASSEUSE À CONTRE-JOUR" (A WOMAN IRONING SEEN AGAINST THE LIGHT) BY HILAIRE-GERMAIN-EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917), c. 1885. STAMP OF DEGAS SALE. (Canvas; 32 by 25½ ins.)

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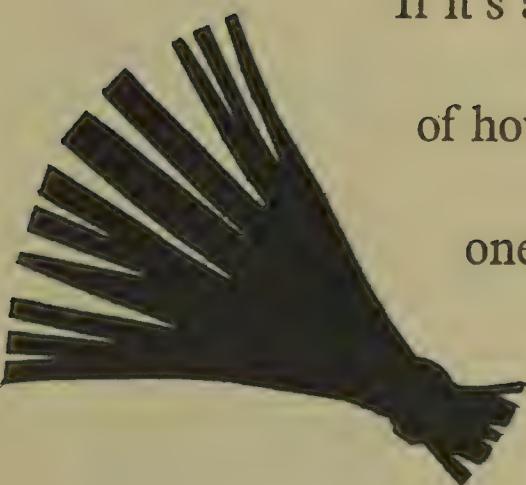
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FEBRUARY

SHOW A LEG

"Came the dawn". Of all the words—and they must have run into hundreds of thousands—put together by the gifted creatures who wrote the sub-titles in the days of silent films, these three only are remembered. The dawn, when it did come, was generally welcome. The solitary horseman, silhouetted against it, meant that help was on the way; the stockade, a-bristle with the arrows of the Redskins, would be relieved, the cruel thongs which bound the heroine to the permanent way would be severed in the nick of time.

Upon the British in February the impact of dawn is less auspicious. Some people are better at getting up than others, but only a few invite our hostile incredulity by pretending that they like doing it. The daily round, the common task, viewed with half-open eyes from the sanctuary of our pillow, arouse in us a vehement repugnance. Why on earth, we wonder, did *homo sapiens* never take up hibernation?

Yet, somehow, day after day, we survive, by a supreme effort of the will, this test of character, and once we are out of bed, routine, like a conveyor-belt, bears us steadily forward out of oblivion and into the world. The day that dawn has ushered in is unlikely, for most of us, to include any hairbreadth escapes or last-minute rescues; but it will hardly prove as lacklustre as it appeared from our pillow.



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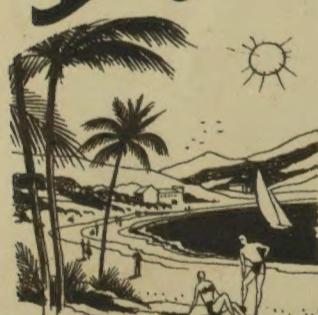
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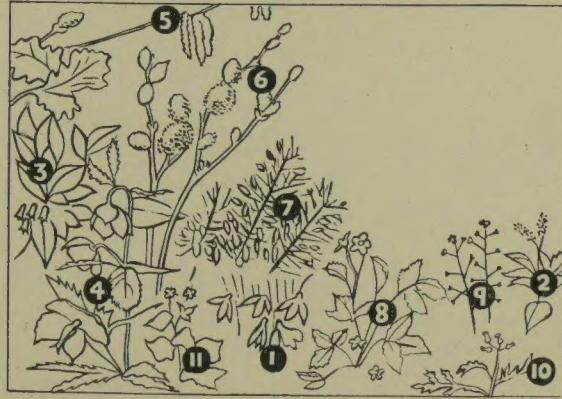
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SHELLGUIDE to FEBRUARY lanes

Arranged and painted by Edith and Rowland Hilder



FLOWERS in February? It is true that the elms are bare still against the sky and the ploughlands are naked and brown as autumn oak leaves. But (1) *Snowdrops*, or *February Fair Maids*, or *Candlemas Bells* are now deliciously white and green. Commoner woodland kinds in flower are (2) *Dog's Mercury*, poisonous, but making a wide green carpet, and the leathery (3) *Spurge Laurel*, poisonous again. Under the hazels, may be found the queer livid blossoms of (4) *Green Hellebore*, and on the edge of the wood our hands go up to the first (5) *Lamb's Tails* or *hazel catkins*, symbol of the spring, and to the (6) *Goslings*, or *Goose-chicks*, or *catkins of the sallow*, as soft as down.

On the common, patches of (7) *Gorse* are on fire and on the banks the (8) *Barren Strawberry*. (9) *Shepherd's Purse* will be exhibiting both flowers and their purse-like seed cases. The yellow flowered (10) *Groundsel*—the name means 'ground-swallow'—is always about, and so are the small blue flowers of (11) *Buxbaum's Speedwell*, or the *Persian Speedwell*.

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